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The subscription rate is 10s. 6d. per annum to any address.

Advertisement rates may be obtained on application to the Manager.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

VOL. I.—No. 4.
(New Series)

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1926.

Price 2/6

Utterances

BY MICHAEL ORKNEY.

(I)

O suburban road.
In the day time
A drift of insufferable half-lights,
A raying out
In interminable monotony
Of dull flat tones
That will not merge.

And later
When twilight dawns,
A ghostly silhouette,
An effigy,
A futile striving after
The unseen forms
Of everlasting perfectness.

And finally
With the advance of night—
Night trembling, ecstatic, delirious,
In tree-tops and star-tops—
A dark straight slash,
A bloodless gash,
A spattered splash of blackness against
The brooding and everlasting
Midnight sky.

(II)

In olden days of feudal courtesies
One bowed before a king
And at the touch of a sword
Rose ennobled.

I want no feudal monarch :
No power that man may give can touch me.

I bow before
The mystery and the infinity of the supremacy of life,
In the fields and the hills and the sky,
And rise ennobled.

(III)

O life, you puzzle me,
You often depress me,
Drive me to despair and doubt.

But a rainbow brings relief.
A flowering wet Spring sings in radiance.
(O such gleams in little path-pools).

And above all,
In dull heavy moments,
The unexpected assault,
The ambush of wings.

UTTERANCES

3

(iv)

Every night
When I blow out the candle
I pray
That the darkness may cover me
And the sin and the shame of the day.

And so,
When life's brief candle fails,
I pray
That death's deep-breathing darkness
May cover me
And the sin and the shame of life.

(v)

O how the impact of this wondrous old world on my senses
Wakens tumultuous depths within me.

They seethe and surge,
They roar for my destruction.
I am threatened by overwhelming storms.

And then a moment of peace.
Something has passed by.
I am aware of untraceable footsteps.
I am saved as I bow before
The divinity enshrouded in the grass.

Barnabe Rich and Ireland

II.

BY SEAN GHALL.

Barnabe Rich kept constantly before the reader's eye the fact that he was not, in blood, of the common herd. His usual style runs "Barnabe Rich, Gent." From the loins of an aristocratic Essex stock he issued. Lord Rich, his kinsman, did not, or could not, help him to make his way upwards in life. Ireland was not to him as it was to so many adventurers from across the Channel, a quick and easy road to wealth. Donough O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, told an assembly of Englishmen in Clonmel that "Ireland is another India for the English, a more profitable India for them than ever the Indies were to the Spaniards." Rich counted Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor of England, as his noble patron and true friend. In the Chancellor's London house Rich found a home. But even his cousinship to Sir Francis Walsingham, the Queen's Secretary, gained for him neither wealth nor fame. The ironic vagaries of Fate have mystified the sages in all ages. Success in life is often a satire. Why did Rich remain a poor army captain to the end of his active service and eke out the remainder of a long life on half-a-crown a day? The answer is not easy for his earlier date. However, from the date of his retirement he pursued a line of action that would have resulted in ruin to any official. He had a genius for abuse. His own version (1610) takes no account of the fruits of assailing the pillars of Dublin Castle: "I have lived in Ireland of a poor pay, the full recompense of forty-seven years spent in my Prince and country's service; I have not begged nor purchased any man's lands, rents, or revenues; I have not heaped to myself either offices or church livings."

Adam Loftus, a Yorkishman, Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor, was named by his many foes "the most voracious caterpillar of the State," whose big family "had fattened marvellously on this Land." His "greed," his "peculations," his "simony," were by-words in the mouths of his enemies. "He had grasped at everything that became void, either for himself or his family." The father of twenty children

needs must have foresight and forethought. The Loftus family alliances intertwined many of the great families of Anglo-Ireland. It increased in wealth and power enormously. Sir John Perrot, an alleged illegitimate son of Henry VIII, was a man of tempestuous temper and unbridled tongue. As Lord Deputy he came into violent collision with the Lord Chancellor, now the head of the English Interest in Ireland. One of the common-places of Irish history is the fierce vendettas that were waged in Dublin Castle between the newly arrived English and the "English Interest." Every Englishman who was not plastic enough to be moulded by its permanent officials was either cast aside, discredited, or ruined. In London the mighty Lord Burghley supported Perrot; Walsingham stood by Loftus. As the Chancellor typified Dublin Castle, the Lord Deputy met the fate of all his predecessors and successors who defied that august institution. He left Ireland (1588) a broken man, to end his days in the Tower of London (1592). A malign destiny provoked Barnabe Rich to tilt at this rock of ages. Perrot had desired to found a university in Dublin and wished to use St. Patrick's Cathedral for the purpose on the grounds that "the ancient university of Ireland had been associated with it." The Deanery was the town residence of Loftus, so he opposed Perrot's purpose. In defending the Deanery the Archbishop was really protecting his own pocket. Having secured his private interests he warmly espoused the cause of learning. So Loftus won. It was the Dublin Corporation which merited the credit of being instrumental in having Trinity College built on the site of the suppressed monastery of All Hallows, these lands it presented as a free gift. The foundation stone was laid by Thomas Smith, Mayor of Dublin, 13th March, 1591, official poisoner of Irish rebels, long remembered as "Bottle Smith," the apothecary who had endeavoured to destroy the famous Shane O'Neill by doctored wine in "a double drinking bottle."

Barnabe Rich rushed into the controversy over the University question whilst it was still hot: a rash act for one in his humble position. The Protestant clergy were lacking in spiritual zeal, cared nothing for the true glory of God; "it was only they that stood against the erecting of a University in Ireland." As for the Catholics they should be exterminated. "The Pope has too many subjects in Ireland who will never be good subjects

to Her Majesty" (17th March, 1589). I have seen no printed version of this tract.

Robert Legge, Deputy Remembrancer of the Exchequer in Ireland, was commissioned to investigate the alleged financial irregularities of the Lord Chancellor and other Castle officials. The result of his audit was presented in a book to Perrot and to Lord Burghley (Feb., 1590). The huge sum of £24,000 (probably more than a quarter of a million of our money) was put forth as the Archbishop's indebtedness to the State.

"On examining the books in Dublin," reported Legge, "I found Chancellor Loftus greatly indebted to Her Majesty, and when I began to call upon him to answer the same he was sore vexed that his debts should now appear which had long been concealed. He sent for me and used me most hardly in foul terms and reproachful names, as knave, slave, rascal, and he grew into such choler as he wished the ship's bottom out which brought me over." Receiving illegal fines, stealing the first-fruits of spiritual livings, taking bribes, and the non-payment of debts, were some of the accusations. The Chancellor "keeps many churches and livings in his hands to maintain his children, who are unlike to be preachers or ministers, whereby other learned men are kept out. . . . If he grant an injunction to restrain any man it is an easy matter to get it released or dissolved to-morrow, whereupon all people cry out upon him. Some people think that angels, beasts of the field, and fowls of the air do fly or run to Rathfarnham" (the Archbishop's country seat).

Barnabe Rich allied himself to Legge in the outcry against Loftus. On June 27, 1592, Loftus complained to Burghley that "Barnabe Rich and some others have been strict observers of his doings for 12 months and secretly collected and booked some accusations. He prayed to be protected against Rich's malice." From Rathfarnham, Sept. 17, 1592, Loftus sent a detailed denial of "certain articles objected against him by Barnabe Rich and Robert Legge," covering all his alleged misdemeanours. The final paragraph is illustrative of sixteenth century methods: "I am informed that Rich has exhibited a petition to the Lords and others of the Privy Council that six of my men lay in wait for to murder him in the High Street of Dublin, and have since awaited on him in greater number. . . . Not one of my men ever yet drew his sword against him in the streets of Dublin or in any

other place, save that only one man whom he cowardly wounded before he could draw sword, who never dealt with him but at that only time when he was hurt Neither can it ever be proved that any of my men did ever lie in wait for him, as I hear Rich has most untruly alleged. For as I gave them strait and special charge not to meddle with Rich, so I undertake they have duly observed my commandment therein." Legge had declared that Loftus "flew up and beat him." As for Rich, he continued to pray for protection as "his life was in danger" from Loftus. Legge was dismissed from his post.

The persecution of Catholics who refused to attend to services of the Established Church was not severe enough for Rich. Such recusants did not merit the easy toleration, as he termed it, of Archbishop Loftus. On 20th May, 1591, he informed Burghley that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should be superseded by a higher authority. This abstract of his letter will suffice: "Ill-will and malice heaped on Captain Thornton for apprehending a seminary priest going with letters from divers great personages to the Pope. The Commissioners were displeased with Thornton for that he would not deliver some few pieces of gold that he had found sewed up in the priest's doublet, and set the priest free after a fortnight's imprisonment."

Rich continued to send reports to Burghley on many alleged irregularities and laxities on the part of the English officials in Ireland. In Nov., 1591, he delivered, when in London, a "Caveat to Her Majesty." This is probably one of the many tracts he claimed to have published but of which there are no known copies. Having spent the greater part of 20 years in her service, so he informed Elizabeth, he had noted a wonderful change in Ireland. "I do see the realm mightily increased in substance and wealth, rich in plate, rich in all manner of furnitures, and wares, their houses high-rented, their lands in many places let out for £30 and £40 a year, that at my first coming into Ireland would not have yielded £10." These were the fruits of good government. "I do likewise see many that are there in authority, under your Highness, purchase store of lands, build fair houses, give great sums of money with the marriage of their children I do see them thrive of all hands throughout the whole country, your Majesty alone excepted; but I cannot see that your Majesty's revenues are augmented,

or your continual charge out of England any whit diminished." It might be thought these be matters of too high importance for a man of his sort to look into "knowing that authority is able to subdue verity." For obvious reasons he dare not signify particulars of some abuses. Yet they are very requisite for the Queen to know and "most expedient for her to reform." The Irish "daily do more and more increase in all manner of obstinacy, contempt, and perverse demeanour" Amongst the whole Irish for every subject that shall be found faithful to Her Majesty, the Pope hath so assured to him, "not in private manner, as men that stand in awe, or were afraid to be known what they are, but openly protected, making no doubt at all manifestly to impugn your Majesty's laws and proceedings." Twenty shillings a month should be levied on each Catholic who refused to attend Protestant worship. "By these means sufficient sums could be levied to pay the garrisons, and might be gathered monthly, if not in ready money, certainly in corn and cattle. There would likewise be raised good round reckonings amongst merchants, citizens, and townsmen, of Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and divers other cities and towns, who will not stick to keep seminaries openly in their houses. And these people that will do much for their Pope, why should they not do somewhat for their Prince."

Rich had not a high opinion of his own clergy: "Our Bishops throughout the land are neglectful of their charge . . . Too many bishops and others of the clergy hold in their hands more spiritual livings than is agreeable to godly policy, there are other benefices holden in men's names as are not known what they are, nor whether the parties be living or nay, so other in like case are holden by laymen, and some by children and other such persons, as, neither by God's law, nor by the laws of the realm, are capable of them." He estimated that nineteen-twentieths of the Irish nobles were disloyal to the Queen; all suspected gentlemen should be deported. "Let them remain in England, and let their revenues from time to time be conveyed to them." The Irish should be bridled by strong garrisons everywhere. It was a source of danger that the "Pope's crew" should be filling so many posts in the Four Courts as judges, lawyers, and other offices. What happened the revenues collected by Dublin Castle from Ireland? Rich boldly declared "they are purloined and stand the Queen in no stead."

It is not to be wondered at that Rich made Dublin too hot for his safety and his peace of mind. He fled to London, probably in 1594, and remained there until another reigned as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

When Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was sent to put down the national rising of the Irish, Barnabe Rich published, May 1599 :—

A looking-[glass] for Her Majesty, wherein to view Ireland : wherein is expressed how this rebellion hath been kindled and the rebel thus strengthened ; what reformation [is] most behoveful for Her Majesty's advantage ; [and] of (*sic*) many profits that might be raised towards Her Majesty's expenses. By Barnaby Rich.¹

Rich truly declares that the main object of "almost every rebellion in Ireland is that the Lords and great men are evermore struggling to shake off the English government, to make themselves absolute." The common people acknowledge no other king than their chieftain. He advised that "no Irishman should be made great nor dignified with any high title or authority." Turning the land of Ireland into counties and appointing English senechals, sheriffs, and others, as their rulers, had not produced the expected results. These "reformers" had proved "deformers." Such English officials "did so exact and oppress the poor Irish people, that they thought no greater servitude than to live under Her Majesty's laws." This was one of the chief causes of the rebellion. The main object of the officials was to enrich themselves and to rob the Queen. "Ireland hath been a good milch cow to others, and it might likewise be made a great benefit to Her Majesty." He averred that it was "the great combination betwixt the English and Irish that marreth all ; not of the meanest sort of the English, but of the great ones." "From all parts of Ireland, yea, out of Dublin itself, the rebels were supplied with wine, aqua vitae, armour, weapons, and all other necessities whatsoever they wanted." The priests were the fount of resistance to foreign rule. "The English with Irish hearts" were a source of danger. A large English army should be raised : no Irish to be recruited. There should be no mercy shown ;

¹ There is no copy of this work in the British Museum or in any public library I know of. Lawdes states that it was published by John Oxenbridge, 1599. It is not in Arbers' "Register of Stationers Co." The above particulars are from Col. St. Pagers, Ireland, 1599-1600.

"this reformation must be settled by force, yet famine must be an especial means whereby to accomplish it." The land of the rebels when forfeited to the Queen would be a valuable source of revenue to her.

Like many another Englishman who abused Ireland, Barnabe Rich was unhappy away from her. In Dec., 1599, he wrote to Sir Robert Cecil that his former endeavours to do Her Majesty's service "have banished him out of Ireland, for fear of his life, which has been several times assaulted." If, by Cecil's favour, he "might be returned thither again in any able sort, and does not perform those several services to Her Majesty's great advantage and profit, he will submit to any punishment whatsoever." His prayer was unanswered.

When James I was on the throne Rich was granted a pension of half-a-crown a day for life (1606). Whether he had been deprived of his former pension by Loftus or whether this was an additional grant there is no means of knowing.

Even before its publication "A Short Survey of Ireland" raised an outcry. Rich found himself "maligned by the whole rout and rabblement of the popish crew." What he had written, he communicated to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Nov. 1609, but concealed from all others, two persons only excepted; the one a scrivener whose help necessity enforced him to "use for the writing of them in a more legible manner than he himself was able to do, and a friend here in London, such a one as he knew not only to be well affected to His Majesty's service, but also a gentleman of good understanding and of long experience in the affairs of Ireland; to him he lent that copy which he himself had written (and but during the space of a reading over), who confirmed and ratified every part of what he had set down." Although his communications were beneficial to the State, yet it had spread abroad that he had "delivered matter of scandal to the whole realm of Ireland, and that he had not only detected and depraved the Lord Deputy himself by name, but that he had likewise complained of all the rest of His Majesty's Council in that realm, and that in a most grievous and bitter manner. These news, if they be not transported into Ireland already, they will not be long in carrying thither, where every guilty conscience will envy him."

Here is the full title:—

A Short Survey of Ireland, Truly Discovering Who It Is That Hath so armed the hearts of that people with disobedience to their Prince. With a description of the Country, and the condition of the people.

No less necessary and needful to be respected by the English, than requisite and behooveful to be reformed in the Irish.

By Barnabe Rych, Gentleman.

London: Printed by N. O. for B. Sutton and W. Barenger, and to be sold at their shop at the great North dore of S. Pauls' Church, 1669.

On all copies of this work I have seen the date 1609 is misprinted 1669.

Like all his long-winded titles this one too promises more than it gives. Except a few general remarks of no particular import, it is, in the main, a mere abuse of the Pope, whom Rich identifies with Anti-Christ, and of the Catholics of Ireland.

"I confess my learning is none at all and therefore I will not meddle with those matters that are above my reach." Brave words, belied by the context. "My wisdom I acknowledge no more than my learning. With policy I do not meddle, neither is it for me to deal withal: but especially with that policy that belongeth to matters of estate (state), I would not so much as look after, yet I would be glad to put in a helping hand: it is little else that I can do, yet he doth well that doth something." Evidently advancing years and hard experience were teaching him the futility of breaking another lance on Dublin Castle. But the "ingratitude" of the Irish in refusing to see the wisdom of giving up their National outlook, in conserving their own civilisation, roused him to fury. He saw "a country situate and seated under so temperate a Climate, that is neither oppressed with extremity, either of cold in the winter, or heat in the summer, that is environed with England, Scotland, France, and Spain, that hath continual intercourse, and hath been daily conversant with these nations," steeped in "barbarism" and "idolatry." It is not a Survey of Ireland. It is a fierce polemic. On its publication Rich found that he was an object of reprobation in Dublin itself. "I am censured for writing of a Book, to be a malicious enemy to Ireland . . . I confess. I have made myself known in print, to be an enemy to Popery, but not to Ireland."

Save for the oft-quoted extract from his "New Description of Ireland," on the taverns and the drinking habits of early seventeenth century Dublin, Barnabe Rich has not been cited as evidence by any Irish historian, to my knowledge. This may be accounted for by his tireless repetition, by his spate of abuse, on the nationality and religion of the Irish. Neither English nor Irish, Protestant or Catholic, has had the patience to seek out the valuable facts, to be found in no other contemporary writer. Rich had no more knowledge of the country outside the walls of Dublin than Stanihurst, Vowell (or Hooker), or Campion. For a brief period he was on garrison duty in Coleraine. From Giraldus Cambrensis and Holinshed he obtained most of his material, denials notwithstanding. Hence his ravings against Irish Ireland have no value, save as examples of prejudice. He lived in Dublin for over 40 years and knew the city well. Allowing for his rare talent for abuse, his determination to see the worst sides of human nature, whether in London or Dublin, his "New Description" is full of illumination for the historian. Indeed some of his caustic criticisms are as true to-day as they were in 1610. The orthodox doctrine in our standard histories that the Irish Towns then, Dublin especially so, were mere English garrisons, is essentially false. Rich pictures our capital city, in light and shade, as much the same as it has been down the ages, a city with an English and a "loyal" populace, and an intensely Catholic and "rebel" people.

Ballade

A CE PROPOS, EN VIEIL FRANCOIS.

After the French of François Villon.

And the Apostles—gone likewise !
Amice and stole and alb of snow,
The holy men whose starry guise
Outshone the devil's fieriest glow ;
These—these—are scattered too—my woe !
Strewn by the wind—the wind—are they.
Aye, sons and slaves alike must go :
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Where in Constantinople lies
The gold-hand Emperor ? None know.
The king of France whose courtesies
Above all other princes show :
Greatly he honoured God, and though
He was sung, maybe, in his day,
Around his tomb the dead leaves blow,
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Vienne, Grenoble, old seignories,
Their saints and heroes—gone also.
Their proud young Dauphins ? Veil your eyes,
Dolles and Dijon, and Sallins strow
The wide earth with their overthrow—
Heralds, poursuyvants, pages gay,
Sires and their heirs blown to and fro—
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Princes like beggarmen below—
Must droop their heads toward the clay,
The bright fruit falls from vine and sloe—
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

MICHAEL SCOT.

Ballad of the Women of Paris

After the French of François Villon.

Honey mouths have won renown
In Love's gay theology ;
Fair of speech is Florence town ;
Rome, Geneva, Lombardy,
Piedmont and Savoy they cry ;
Venice, bud o' the foam, encloses
Queens of discourse—yet I sigh,
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Girls of Naples, slim and brown,
Chatter bird-like, shrill and high ;
Prussia, too, will claim the crown ;
Germany and Hungary,
Egypt, where old star-songs lie ;
Gold-voiced Greece, where light reposes ;
Spain—ah, Spain!—and yet sing I,
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Two old fishwives could bawl down
Valence, Toulouse, Gascony ;
Calais women screech and frown ;
Breton girls and Picards vie
With the English, silent, shy ;
Swiss, Lorraines with rustic noses,
These are dull of wit and sly.
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Paris, Prince, not Italy,
Love's most secret lore discloses.
Here's her wisdom : love and die—
Paris lips are wise as roses !

MICHAEL SCOT.

Eva

By ALEKSIS KIVI.

Dramatis Personae.

ABEL ... } Village tailors and old bachelors.
ENOCK ... }
EVA
JOSEPH ... Apprentice to Abel.

Scene :—ABEL's living room. At back a door ; to right a table and beside it a bench : to left a fire-place, by which JOSEPH stands, stirring a pot with a ladle.

Enter, ENOCK.

ENOCK : 'Day, Joseph !

JOSEPH (*Turns and bows low, without, however, letting go the ladle*) : 'Day.

ENOCK : Well, I've received from your master an urgent summons to present myself here about this time.

JOSEPH : Yes, that's so.

ENOCK : Why has he summoned me, and where is he himself ?

JOSEPH : Haven't you heard anything yet ?

ENOCK : No, nothing, nothing at all, my boy.

JOSEPH : There's to be a betrothal here to-day.

ENOCK : Betrothal ? H'm ! Indeed, a betrothal ! And with whom is he to be betrothed ?

JOSEPH : Eh ! Gentlemen's Eva.

ENOCK : Gentlemen's Eva ! Indeed ! Is the man soft in the head, or has he gone stark staring mad ? However did he muster up the courage ?

JOSEPH : Yesterday evening, Gentlemen's Eva wrote my master a letter like this—" Tailor Abel ! I wish briefly to inform you that, God willing, I am ready at once to be your wife. Come and drive me back with you, for I will leave the gentlemen on the blessed spot ; of that I am resolved." So her letter ran.

ENOCK : And your master, after reading that, began to turn the matter over in his mind ?

JOSEPH : He promenaded up and down the floor, backwards and forwards, scratching the back of his neck all the time.

ENOCK : The man's brain was in a turmoil, surely, but I don't wonder at that. Well, what happened next ?

JOSEPH : At night the play began in earnest. My master was very fidgety. First he walked up and down ; then he threw himself on the bed ; the next moment he rolled out again and began to promenade again, scratching his neck all the while. He went out to the well three times to pour water on his head. He was anxious about his brains, you see.

ENOCK : It's no wonder, for they were surely softened. He was thinking out and planning, planning and thinking out, a new fashion, sections and seams ; one might well ask how it would be with his headpiece. But tell me, how did it all end ?

JOSEPH : When he'd been out for the third time to the well, and had come back with his head steaming, he woke me up and told me the cause of his uneasiness. He read me the letter and asked my advice upon my conscience, just as if we had been brothers.

ENOCK : Love softens and lays open heart and soul and mind. And what advice did you give your master ?

JOSEPH : I didn't advise him one way or the other.

ENOCK : Quite right. It's my habit always to speak my mind straight out ; but there is one case in which I'm silent as a mole. Never, never dissuade any man from taking a woman on whom he has once cast his eyes ; he'll take her all the same, and some day they'll whisper in her ear the advice you gave, and the jade will hardly forgive you, even in the meadows of Paradise.

JOSEPH : I didn't advise him one way or the other, but bade him leave all on God's counsel-board. That did its work, and at once he fell into a sleep as sound as a slipper's, and myself after him. In the morning he plied his needle fast enough, but his thoughts were elsewhere ; I noticed that when now and then I looked at him on the sly. And so

he sewed for a while; but suddenly he speared with his needle the new pincushion, nailed it fast to the table, and up he jumped, put on his best clothes and sent word for you to come, while himself went off to fetch Gentlemen's Eva, his bride.

ENOCK: I'm afraid that this marriage will plunge him in the unlucky churn. Eva is housekeeper to two unmarried gentlemen, and often do you hear of her quarrels with them. From that we may surmise one thing or another, and much noise does the world make about them. May the Lord forgive them their sins, but why doesn't one of the gentlemen marry that Eva? The fact is, Eva is a shrew and a spitfire, a regular termagant, as they say. (*Takes snuff*).

JOSEPH: And so superior.

ENOCK: That's true! When she's walking, she's all the time peering down her sides at her flounces and furbelows; I have noticed that this is a suspicious sign in a woman person. It's true she was for a year in service in the city, and with great quality, no doubt; but I say there was no need for her on that account to give herself such airs, or to be so ladyfied, in a word, so devoid of sense as she is. Less of that would become a poor man's daughter. Is this now the talk of ordinary folk: "Where do turnips grow, is it on the trees, or in the ground?" Turnips, you see! That was the question she once asked a farmer in the market. And then this question—"Oh, father dear, what is that fine bird that is hopping about out there in the yard?" You see, she didn't know a magpie when she came out here to the country. (*Smiles*). Well, perhaps she didn't know the bird—I won't garnishee that, said the lawyer. But, lo, how quick a child of man is to see the mote in another's eye, and not the beam in his own. But I like my colleague, and do not wish him to be afflicted with a domestic plague, as I am afraid he is going to be.

JOSEPH: Indeed, and indeed, it'll be a different life in this house.

ENOCK: I'm very much afraid so. Eva has had a tiff with the gentlemen, and in spite she is taking this step; but wait,

when the honeymoon is over, she will repent of her bargain, and be wanting to go back to the gentlemen. For look you, Abel has not those polite ways, that throwing out the chest and fine ring of the voice, that Eva is accustomed to, and that make the flighty girl's eyes light up so lovingly. Abel is a little, a wee little bit, simple, but good-hearted, quite a good-hearted man.

JOSEPH : He has a good name, too.

ENOCK : His tender heart sometimes leads him into actions that are followed by repentance. But why should I, who am, after all, a man like other men, why should I be such a tough old flaxbrake, such a hard-grained sawhorse ? (*Laughs*). What is that boiling there in the pot ?

JOSEPH : Sausages and oatmeal, water and salt. Did you hear the rattle of the cart then ?

ENOCK : Yes, I heard it. They're coming. (*Aside*). Yes, yes, my lass ; you're stepping in here, but I know that you are not doing so from an impulse of true and heartfelt love. I'll bet my neck you hinted at marriage to the gentlemen ; and, as nothing came of it, you're posting here in your fury to smoke moss in place of fine, genteel tobacco.

(*Enter, Abel and Eva, carrying bundles in their hands. Joseph makes a deep obeisance, without ceasing to stir the pot*).

ENOCK : Welcome, bridal people !

ABEL : We thank you. You're wanted here, Enock. Sit down, Eva. Has Joseph said anything to you ?

ENOCK : A word or two.

ABEL : Good ! Now I've got someone to wash my shirt. Sit down, Eva, sit down.

EVA (*Aside*) : What a hovel ! An owl's nest !

(*Abel takes from a bundle a sugar-bowl and places it on the table*).

ABEL : The sugar-bowl is safe at all events. You must know, Enock, that we have been in a horrible tumbling game, Eva and I. O, those ungodly gentlemen !

ENOCK : They treated you, maybe, haughtily, superciliously ?

ABEL : I'm only too thankful they didn't lay a stick across my back.

ENOCK : Pure jealousy !

ABEL : You see, I was not asked to go in ; I was only allowed to stand in the yard and receive Eva's things. And when at last we were ready to start, and sat down in the cart, guess what they did ?

ENOCK : Some savage dog's trick, I'm sure.

ABEL : There came out a little chap at the gentlemen's bidding, who said he'd put the horse's crupper right, but the devil stuck a bit of burning tinder under Rusko's tail, and that same moment, one of the gentlemen fired a parting shot. My dear colleague, imagine at what a pace we dashed away from the house ! Rusko laid back his ears along his neck and sprang and ran like mad. Was it any wonder that we both, Eva and I, shrieked, wide-mouthed in our distress ?

ENOCK : It was no wonder ; the marvel is that you are here to tell the tale of your tumbling journey. Be thankful that you are not lying in a ditch with your heels pointing to heaven.

ABEL : Luck befriended me. The bit of tinder came loose at last, and when Rusko pulled up we were sitting in the cart without any broken bones, although with beating hearts.

ENOCK : Oh, the hard, unfeeling gentlemen ! Oh, the outrageous monsters !

ABEL : I only wonder that Eva was able to get on with them for so long. Why didn't you play them this little trick long ago, Eva ?

EVA (*Aside*) : Yes, you wagtail ! Would to God I had never done it ! I was mad to leave the gentlemen to come here under a turf roof !

ABEL : But why is the bride so quiet ?

ENOCK : The bride's usual low spirits when she moves into the bridegroom's house !

ABEL : Of course, to be sure ; our business has not yet been consummated with the aid of the proper instruments. Let us therefore open the play ; let us do what remains to be done, for it's better to be in the bear's maw than between his teeth. You know what a grave and devout communion is going to take place presently ?

ENOCK : Why, I think I know.

ABEL : A betrothal, a lawful betrothal, and it's for that I've asked you here. So proceed now, Enock ! And first, a short discourse.

ENOCK (*Coughs*) : That . . . that we are at this moment gathered together to unite two souls, namely master-tailor Abel Simonson and spinster Eva Mattisdaughter

ABEL : Her proper family name is Helander.

ENOCK : And spinster Eva Helander, to tie together their happiness as well in prosperity as in adversity. And this is indeed no slip-knot, by no means, but a firm fast-knot, which can be severed only by death's scythe. Remember and lay up carefully in your hearts the duties of the estate of matrimony on both sides. The man, to wit, must be the head of his wife, that is his duty ; and the wife must be her husband's weaker vessel, that is her duty. And then to go hand in hand, in the name of the Lord and to the singing of the joyful birds, down to the deep of the grave. What do you say yourself, Abel ?

ABEL : I have nothing to say.

ENOCK : Give me the ring, then.

ABEL : Here it is.

EVA (*Aside*) : What ever am I to do ? Am I to take the ring ? Oh, what a poor, silly thing I am !

ENOCK : Abel gives you this ring, Eva (*gives the ring to Eva*). There ! (*Begins to chant*) " Satan's wiles " (*To Abel*) Is that your wish, Abel ?

ABEL : Yes. Sing a psalm, sing a psalm.

ENOCK AND JOSEPH : (*The latter stirring the pot all the time*) " Satan's wiles keep far away "

EVA : What are you singing for ? Keep your mouths shut, do.
It's better so.

ABEL : Hush ! The bride won't have any singing.

ENOCK : But a psalm is worth as much as two chapters.

EVA : To begin crowing like a cock !

ENOCK : Like a cock ?

EVA : No singing, I say !

ABEL : No, no, thy will be done.

ENOCK (*Aside*) : She is, as I remarked, a shrew.

JOSEPH (*Aside*) : Well, well, it'll be a different life in our house now.

ABEL : Let the singing be for the present. Now Eva, step boldly forward as a member of my family, and make yourself at home in my house.

EVA : In this miserable hole ?

(*A moment's pause*).

ABEL (*Aside*) : Hole ! Rather sharp, that. (*Aloud*) It's true that my house is old, but we'll build a new one in place of the old, a genteeler one.

EVA : Till we have a new one, we shall be in a plight.

ABEL : We shall not be in any plight if we are not worse off than now, my Eva.

EVA : I remember now the apartments I left. What a difference ! Hah ! I moved out of a palace into a burrow, and like a fool I left my merry gentlemen and crept into the tailor's hovel. What a difference ! What a difference !

ENOCK : In one respect the difference is great, but in another respect—

EVA : Hold your jaw, you crow !

ENOCK (*Aside*) : Heigh-ho ! What a heart the woman has !

JOSEPH : Well, well, it'll all be different now !

ABEL (*Aside*) : She's beginning to play tricks, and it looks as if she repents of her bargain—and I, poor boy, have fallen desperately in love with her. But I'll inform her that I have money too, forty dollars. A tidy sum. (*Aloud*) To be sure I'm not rich, by no means ; I haven't much, only forty dollars.

ENOCK : Forty dollars in the man's pocket. Then he needn't go with his tail between his legs.

ABEL : It's not much to boast about, no, no ! Well, well, it's something. Believe me, Eva, you didn't burn your fingers when you chose master-tailor Abel for your husband.

EVA : That time, I stepped right into the devil's sledge. I left my home by the straight road to hell ; I thought at once that something was wrong. Why did they put a bit of burning tinder under Rusko's tail ?

ENOCK : The villains !

ABEL : The scoundrels ! If we took the law of them, they'd be in the devil's own stew. A bit of burning tinder ! And fired, too.

ENOCK : Hi, hi, hi !

ABEL : My heart aches when I remember it. But you've escaped, Eva, from those wild-beasts ; and now you are under the roof of a decent and respectable man.

EVA : Tailor ! — Crab !

ABEL : Are you barking at my trade, too ?

ENOCK : It won't do to abuse the tailor's trade.

EVA : Is it me to be Abel's wife ?

ABEL : Young lady, don't you perceive that you're talking rather hurtingly, and that in this way you're throwing a gloom over the festive joy of the betrothal hour ? Yes-s, what is tailor Abel ? Have I stolen something, and then for that barked at the squirrels ? Have I pushed my neighbour's ox into a well on the Sabbath day ? Certainly not. Have I coveted another man's wife ? Away with the thought. Who can say it and prove it of me ? I put the question to you, Eva Helander. Look at me, now, and answer me that.

EVA : What a man !

ABEL : Such a man am I just, my young lady.

EVA : What exactly may you be ?

ABEL : I'm just tailor Abel and an honourable man, who is good as a witness at any time, and as a sponsor even for the children of princes.

EVA : Isn't it that same cupping-woman's Abel, who trotted after his mother from village to village, and carried the old woman's sack of cupping-horns ?

ABEL : And made them rattle—the same, the very same !

EVA : The same urchin, I believe, who one rainy day when out grazing his cow slipped it so neatly into my father's meadow and himself went off to sleep in the barn. But just then luck smartly guided my father's daughter to the meadow, and she took the stiffening out of your back. Do you remember that ?

ABEL : Yes, I remember, I remember. If I were to show you my back this moment you'd see there the marks of your godless proceedings against the silly nincompoop I was then.

EVA : You deserved it. To go to sleep in the barn while your cow trampled down another man's meadow, that was very clever of you !

ABEL : Ay, ay. Now you've got something to lay hold of, as if it were some great matter.

ENOCK (*Laughs*) : She should institute legal proceedings, as the lawyers say. (*Takes snuff*).

ABEL : But what more do you know, Miss Helander, "whose cheeks are so red, and whose talk goes on greasily," as they sing in the love songs ? What more has the young lady to say ? More, I say, more of that sort !

EVA : If I were to start telling all I know about you, I might stay here for the rest of my life.

ABEL : For the rest of her life ! It sounds, indeed, a little as if she intended to draw back. But perhaps she is only trying my temper.

ENOCK : I've listened with grief at my heart while this young lady has endeavoured in every way to tear to shreds my colleague's good name. But let's cast a glance at the girl's own book of sins. Do you know what the world chatters and shouts about you ? In what way do you live with your gentlemen ? Like a heathen, like a mahommedan. I'm losing my temper this moment ! May the Lord have mercy on you ! May the Lord have mercy on you and the

gentlemen ! What are you about over there ? Say it, do ! You devils, you're corrupting the youth of these times, you're teaching them to be indifferent to the dignity and holiness of wedlock. You minx, did your father and mother teach you that ? Did they teach you that in the catechism class ? When were you last at communion ? A question to be asked, as the poet says.

EVA : You impudent man, what have you to do with me ?

ENOCK : Why, I am your neighbour, and it's my duty as a Christian man to try and reform you, you hussy.

EVA : I'd like to take and crumple you, to crumple you in a thousand creases and throw you out on the field, you vile slanderer, you shameless tailor. Why, you're driving me mad !

ENOCK : See, there. There, you see what a tender spot it is, and I pricked deep and without mercy. Yes, that is my way. I always go forward without fear and straight as a perch. And I'll take a firm hold of this life of yours, your ungodly life, if I don't see some amendment in you.

EVA : See, I'll live in that way still. So there ! What can you do to me ?

ENOCK : I'll tell the Vicar.

EVA : You'd do that ! Hah ! The gentlemen would give you some lead in your houghs.

ENOCK : I've got a gun, too !

EVA : Which wouldn't kill a sparrow !

ENOCK : Which would kill even a witch, even a devil-ridden girl !

ABEL : Don't quarrel, don't quarrel ! And you, Enock, don't scold Eva any more. She is, you see, my bride, as it were, and the proverb says : The goat's horns are one and the same bone.

EVA (*Aside*) : Your bride— !

ENOCK : I spoke only the truth, and may it be for her good. My way is, as I said, always to go forward steadily without fear, and straight as a perch. (*Takes snuff*).

ABEL : Now I understand what Eva meant by those a little bit ambiguous words—to try my temper. But may she forgive me my short temper ; for short temper, more's the pity, we see everywhere, and it's a disagreeable thing to see. Often I think when I have made a new acquaintance : Now have I found a man of men—but live with him, and go on journeys with him, and you will soon see him becoming as red as a cock, and sniffing at you, and that's very unpleasant. I have seen a thing or two from life's table-end, and a handicraftsman is like a witch in the house. Look how the villain of a girl has wrung the sweat from my brow in this ordeal.

(He takes from his pocket a handkerchief, and, by accident, knocks off the table Eva's sugar-bowl, which breaks on the floor).

EVA : Lord save me !

JOSEPH : Oh ! Oh ! What has the master done now ?

EVA : If the man has not gone and broken my sugar-bowl !

ENOCK *(Aside)* : Poor Abel ! There he stands like a hen in a swoon and as red as the full moon in a clear sky !

EVA : You bat ! To spoil my real porcelain sugar-bowl, a dear birthday present from my gentlemen ! Pay out, man, pay for it at once, you chattering pie, you jay !

ENOCK *(Aside)* : Hi, hi, hi ! What a heart, what a heart !

ABEL : Oh, indeed ! Are you having a game with me ; perhaps you have no intention of being my wife ?

EVA : Satan's grandmother be your wife !

ENOCK *(Aside)* : I feel a cold shiver running down my spine when I listen to her talk.

ABEL : Enock, ask her here, in Joseph's hearing, if she'll take me for her husband.

ENOCK *(Coughs)* : I ask you, Eva Mattisdaughter Helander, have you a serious intention of becoming Abel Simonson's wife ?

EVA : I don't want him—I'm going back to my gentlemen.

(A moment's pause).

ABEL *(Aside)* : Oh, indeed !

ENOCK (*Aside*): What a torment she is, to be sure!

ABEL: Ask her a second time.

ENOCK: I ask you, Eva Mattisdaughter Helander, have you a serious intention of becoming Abel Simonson's wife?

EVA: I don't want him. I said so, not an inch!

(*Long pause*).

ABEL: Ask her a third time.

ENOCK: I ask you, Eva Mattisdaughter Helander, have you a serious intention of becoming Abel Simonson's wife?

EVA: To the devil with him! (*Stamps her foot furiously*) I don't want him, I don't! No, no, no! Don't your ear-holes hear—you bewitched men you!

(*Silence. From the fireplace a hissing noise is heard*).

ABEL: Are you spilling God's gifts in the ashes, boy?

(*He takes Joseph by the collar*).

JOSEPH: Master! Master!

ENOCK (*Soothing Abel*): Be calm, Abel, and pass over this mishap.

ABEL: This is an hour of madness!

EVA: Pay out for my fine sugar-bowl!

ABEL: Sugar-bowl? Has the end of the world come? Are water and land, death and sparkling hell giving up their dead? This is a day!

EVA: Oh, me, what a fool I am!

ABEL: You harlot! Give here my ring!

EVA: There! There, my lad!

(*Abel throws the ring furiously on the floor*).

ENOCK: Don't—don't, best brother! (*Picks up the ring*).

ABEL: Person, why did you fool me to drive you with my horse here to my house?

EVA: Why did you let yourself be fooled?

ENOCK: Hi! hi!

ABEL: Oh, indeed!

EVA : Drive me on the blessed spot back the same road we came, tailor !

ABEL : I hear you. Yes ! if you pay for it ; if you put two marks on the table here Joseph may drive you back. Two marks here !

EVA : Not a penny ! The sugar-bowl !

ABEL : The sugar-bowl may pay for the drive here, and you can trudge back on foot with your bundles in your hands. That's said.

ENOCK : I should like, I tell you, to see Eva coming back again to her gentlemen ! I should see a very long dog !

EVA : Oh, tailor Enock, don't be at all uneasy on my account ! At first a little teasing from the gentlemen, to which I'll reply with a few tears, and before evening the general rejoicing will stand as high as the ceiling. There's that trick !

ENOCK : Oh woman, woman ! You wonder of all creation's wonders ! You eternal mess of golden sunshine and misty cloud, without head or tail to you ! Is it any wonder that we men never learn to understand such a creature ?

EVA : Put the horse to, Abel. The conveyance !

ABEL : Is that an order you are giving ?

ENOCK : Conveyance ? Can you guess what kind of a conveyance you deserve to have from here ? The devil, if we did right, I'd put your head under my arm, Joseph would take you by the feet, and Abel himself would give it you straight from a man's hand.

EVA : Abel there !

ABEL : Ay, ay ! Do you think I couldn't give you a thrashing ?
(*Eva begins to put her things back in her bundles, humming a tune*).

Put the food on the table, Joseph, we will begin and eat ; she may go her own way.

(*Joseph puts on the food*).

She is a deceitful person.

ENOCK : An ill-weather bird !

ABEL (*Aside*): Unlucky day! My heart is as if it were cut in two bits. (*Aloud*) Come, Joseph, come and eat with us, we'll eat, Enock.

ENOCK: Yes, we'll eat.

(*Abel, Enock and Joseph sit down to eat*).

ABEL: There are doings in this world!—

ENOCK: Don't speak about it.

(*Pause*).

ABEL: Eva, Eva, what have I done to you that you have done me so much harm?

ENOCK: Don't appear to notice her.

ABEL (*Aside*): She is humming a tune! A tune!

(*Exit Eva carrying her bundles*).

EVA: Bye-bye!

ABEL: Good-bye!

(*Pause*).

ENOCK: There goes the hussy; ah, well, from this matter of the gentlemen's mischievous prank and the girl's shameless deception, you ought to take a lesson, and teach them not to make a show of a man.

ABEL: I ought to do something, but what's the good? They go walking with their guns in the woods and can shoot me to death. See, the most faint-hearted wretch in the world who has a gun can with a single flash kill the bravest hero if he is without a weapon.

ENOCK: They shoot! Ha, ha! Murder is not committed so readily.

ABEL: Who's going to guarantee that? Those gentlemen have black hearts. You meet them in the woods, they shoot you like a dog. What will you do then?

ENOCK: Still I won't give in. Their life is intolerable, their godless life with this girl. The Vicar must know of it!

ABEL: But, I ask you again—what, then, if they shoot you?

ENOCK (*Furiously*): Let them shoot. It can't be helped!

ABEL: So you say now.

ENOCK: I'll make an end of their games, I say.

ABEL (*Aside*): But why is the region of my thoughts so cloudy? I'm afraid, I'm afraid of something. (*Aloud*) Was that Gentlemen's Eva? I've fallen so desperately in love with her! Was that Gentlemen's Eva?

ENOCK: The same hussy, but why do you ask? Isn't she fresh enough in your memory?

JOSEPH: Misery, misery!

(*They rise. Abel remains seated.*)

ENOCK: Don't in the devil's name, let your sorrow get so powerful a hold over you!

JOSEPH: Oh, days of weeping! See how my master's eyes stare, it's all over with him now.

ENOCK (*To Abel*): Nay, it's no good thinking and grieving so deeply. (*To Joseph*) Only you try it on, and you'll get it about the ears.

ABEL: There's no danger yet; but my heart is ready to break when I remember the deep-bosomed maid that was given to me, and was so soon taken away again in the name of the Lord.

ENOCK: To hell with that heifer!

ABEL: Well, well, well well!

ENOCK: You consider her a great loss to you?

ABEL: I thought I was almost a married man, and now I am only an old bachelor, whose life is the like of that of a drowsy cockroach in a crack of the masonry in the evening sun's dying glow. Oh, my brother, when I came with her and saw the toadstool by the horse-paddock, I thought to myself: When September comes and we go into the woods with sacks on our backs to pick mushrooms, then it'll be real nice. But now, now all hope has gone, and there's no comfort left.

ENOCK: Much comfort, my friend, much. An old bachelor celebrates his wedding after he's dead, among the dancing stars. There he is given his bride, and the married ones must look on.

ABEL: Eh! Like, for instance, Karppila Kalle.

ENOCK : Just so.

ABEL : Talk now, talk of something cheerful, that no harm may come to me.

ENOCK : There's nothing to grieve over, nothing at all ; when the others have their evening, we'll have a rosy dawn ; cuckoos will sing, and finches twitter ; the meadow of blessedness will be under our feet and above us the everlasting blue heaven, and angels playing music. Just so, just so. But I have an idea. When Lieutenant Viitamaki, who has a terrible temper, is angry with a neighbour he goes soot-black in the face and is afraid of his brains rolling out of their places ; so he puts his daughter to play on the pianoforte, while he pads a few steps of a waltz with his lady on the parlour floor, and all at once his anger is gone. Let's try that plan. Sing you, Joseph, "When the courier came"—sing, and beat time with your foot.

JOSEPH : I haven't the strength to sing now.

ABEL : Why haven't you the strength ? You know the song.

JOSEPH : Weeping chokes my singing !

ABEL : Sing, and we'll dance. Sing, Joseph, or my head'll go round, go round ! Hi !

JOSEPH : Oh, oh !

ENOCK : For God's sake, sing quickly !

ABEL : See that I don't take a yardstick to you. Sing now—"When the courier came."

JOSEPH : I'll sing, I'll sing !

ENOCK : And beat time with your foot !

JOSEPH : (*Sings, beating time with his foot*).

"When the courier came—the courier came, the courier came,
And took, took up his quarters—his quarters, his quarters,
With ale and brandy
With ale and brandy,
With ale and brandy for the courier."

(*to the tune of "Ach du lieber Augustin"*).

(*While Joseph is singing, Enock and Abel waltz ; they are knock-kneed, and fling their locked arms about*).

CURTAIN.

Translator's Note.—This little play, in which Finnish peasant types are portrayed with a blending of irony and grotesque humour that is characteristic of much of the author's best dramatic work, was produced in 1866, and has ever since retained its hold upon the Finnish public. The two village tailors, Abel and Enock, are typical representatives of their class in their outlook on life and in their manners and speech; they are simple-minded, though they account themselves shrewd men of the world and profound students of the book of life. They comport themselves with a naïve gravity befitting their honourable calling. They are self-important and pedantic, and habitually deliver their thoughts in a language that is stiff with high-sounding words imperfectly apprehended, and Biblical quotations. Theirs is a dream-world, built upon conceit and inexperience, into which suddenly crashes the coarse and downright personality of the temperamental Eva. The author of this play (1834-1872) was unfortunate in the outward circumstances of his life; even his genius failed to win any general recognition among his contemporaries. Kivi's art, which was as virile and sincere as that of Synge a generation later, was little understood and was disparaged and decried by the academic critics of the 'sixties and the 'seventies. The whirligig of time, however, has brought its revenges, and to-day Kivi is held in honour by his fellow-countrymen as a master of Finnish prose and the founder of the modern school of Finnish literature. His works comprise plays, some poems, and a wonderful symbolic romance, *The Seven Brothers*, which invites comparison with the masterpieces of European fiction. The plays include *Kullervo*, a tragedy in Shakespeare's manner, which has powerful passages; *Lea*, a modern miracle play, tenderly conceived and executed with fine poetical feeling; *The Cobblers of the Heath*, a rollicking comedy replete with humour and picturesque adventure; and *The Betrothal*, which is here given in an English rendering, which, however, makes no claim to reproduce the beauties of style that lend distinction to Kivi's text. For the original title that of *Eva* has here been substituted, as the implications of the Finnish title *Kihlaus* are not fully conveyed by its nearest English equivalent, "The Betrothal."

R. P. COWL.

Verba Sapientibus

BY JOHN EGLINTON.

THE POET.

Where Truth from Beauty doth divide
The poet from the world doth hide :
A lark above the frontiers hung
Of themes the rivals for his tongue.

MOTHER AND POET.

What keeps the mother calm and wise ?
Her hopes are in her children tall.
And what the poet ? That his joys
Are treasur'd in the minds of all.

MORNING-CALL ON WISDOM.

" Seek out Wisdom ! When I come,
See, I find her not at home ! "
Come back later ; she's away
In the woods to walk and play !

PAPER-CHASE FOR WISDOM.

" Scholar, put by your book and speak ;
The best-stored brain is still to seek ! "
I need no telling that my book
But marks the path which Wisdom took !

THE STUDENT.

You tell me when I ask your creed :
" It varies with the book I read ! "
Own, infidel, thy weakness, then,
And power of faith in other men.

THE CHOICE.

Our thoughts, which range beyond their bourne,
To sin or duty must return ;
Whiche'er you choose, regard one thing,
That so constrained they bruise no wing.

VISIONARY.

Other worlds and climes, say some,
Sleep discloses—I see none !
Visions o'er my fancy come
With the rising of the sun.

NECESSITAS INVENTRIX.

Eyes of man may wander free :
Modest maidens must not see !
That is how it is, no doubt,
What's worth seeing they'll spy out.

SAFEGUARD OF VIRTUE.

Wall on wall divides us still
From the object of our will :
To take what might console our pains,
Virtue less than Pride disdains.

THE LETTER.

Must this day be accounted lost
Wherein, with little done to boast,
I read and read, and could not end,
A letter from a loving friend.

Lyricism and Reality

BY T. G. KELLER.

The artist's main concern should be with the heart of life. Too often he is contented merely with the surface. For general opinion will have it that his province is primarily with line and form and design. This is undoubtedly true. And yet if he is to have vital form and design, they must spring from the void, and have their roots in the formless.

Now the great merit of music is that it brings us to that which I like to think of as the threshold of the lyric approach to the heart of things. The poet, I think, the lyric poet, advances over the threshold to the inner shrine. For the outstanding criticism of music is that its power is momentary; its very existence depends on the miracle of the moment: it halts always at the threshold.

How much easier it is to recapture the ecstasy of a lyric by recalling the words than to re-embody the memory of a vanished performance of music. Not that one can always and at will recreate the first rapturous reading engulfing the mind in undreamed of spheres. But judged by equal standards of comparison the poet has advantages, temporal and mutable, that do not fall to the lot of the musician. The objective of both arts in their higher ranges is the same. They are both intimately bound up with the great mystery that haunts and tantalizes mankind—the problem of the rushing inroad into eternity—reality. The first sound of music cancels and annuls the conditions of ordinary life. The lyric poet is handicapped by the fact that his starting standpoint to encompass eternity is located and definitely situated in the commonest fact of ordinary human life, the spoken word. (And what fleet-footed, white-winged messengers he makes of them.) The web of non-verbal sound the musician uses acts as a mesmeric, hypnotic influence. I use the words in no sinister sense. The idea is the magical import of divinity. He wields a flail that threshes the mundane senses. His instruments provide him straight-a-way with the magic that lifts the recipient at a stroke to super-sensuous regions. The point is, does he for this reason reach higher, strike deeper? I think not. Somewhat of his ultimate goal is fogged in his initial effort. The lyric poet waives aside none of the common attributes of humanity. He asks

neither the mind nor the body to abdicate. He comes consonant with our dust, using the broken winged and limping signals of everyday futility, and turns the cheap-jack tokens of our pettiness into noble symbols that do not disown our commonness but recognise and elevate the kinship. And so he carries us evenly and progressively along the ascending arc of his uprising. All is orderly movement. We start from the known and bring its permanent satisfaction into the higher regions of the unknown. Hence it comes that in after moments of remembering we find the apex of his flight is higher than that of the musician, and is moreover shot through and through and revitalized by its intimate interweaving and amalgamation with the common themes of life raised to their highest expression.

So far, I think, the way is clear, and the title of the lyric poet to the high office I have designated remains indisputable. But here a caveat must be entered. Though the poet rises higher than the musician, he brings with him in his triumphing an undesirable element. This cannot be nailed down in fixed black and white. But its ethereal taint is evident to senses quick to respond to undecipherable flaws. It could be hinted at, conveyed in an oblique and rear-attack method, by saying that the musician is democratic in his out-pouring, the poet aristocratic. It might be flutteringly apparent by saying that the composer is inclusive in his attitude, the poet exclusive. But a deeper, more corrosive phase is tenable. The essence of the musician's art is to diffuse divinity. That of the poet's to compress it. And the compression tends to induce in him the somewhat blasphemous attitude of inferring that he is able to assume and dispense the attributes of deity. His aim is to elevate his percipient to the level of a sole existing god. Each individual subliminated into a whole encompassing and absorbing everything. It is true. And likewise it is absurd and impossible. There is no such thing as equal reigning powers. And yet each core of aspiring individuality kindled by the necromancy of the poet is indomitable in its demands. It brooks no rival. It tolerates no equality. Each in its own outlook and persuasion is the whole. And this is where the inferiority and superiority of the musician to the poet appears. He is inferior because he has not the sublime audacity of the poet. He is superior because he knows no hieratic order. There is no possibility of blasphemy, and there can be no Promethean

theft of sound, for the life-giving element is already in his heart.

The musician is communistic. He wishes to share his regency. Indeed he postulates that it can be shared. Scarcely anywhere will you find the lyric poet, in his higher flights, saying that he feels the urge of sharing his vision with his brother. For the lyricism of words is always the exclusiveness of individuality raised to its highest expression. Whereas it is luminously self-evident to the intuitions that the desire to share is inherent and implicit in the art of the musician.

The poet never forgets his individuality. It entrances and tortures him, delights and confines him, and rarely does he attain to the sense of ever-being. Far other is the musician's vision and intuition of deity. For him, "God is multitudes and nations and kingdoms and tongues, and the voice of God is as the sound of many waters." Their different outlooks are diverse and never convergent. And yet they have both this in common—the assurance that only by ways that are forever outside the range of reasoning, can truth, that is inexplicably and inexpugnably plunged in the core of being, be attained.

The Heron

At night, when the black water-hen
Roosts by the first star,
The heron stands, a lonely king,
Where his possessions are :
The level flag-torn mere,
The oozy yellow lands,
The shells that thicken on the rocks
And blacken on the sands.
His shadow's length away from him—
Shadowed in the moon rays—
Is she whom the subtle unknown love
Brought to his lonely ways.
Sometimes, askance, he sees the bright
Moon-silver float
Slow cones and arrows from her body ;
But, long ago, the note
Of triumph went from him, and still
When life exults and sings,
A broken water-sound pursues
His trailing feet and wings.

.

I knew the heron in his nest,
His voice not yet a cry,
When he lay on the flat spare twigs
And watched the sun in the sky.

LYLE DONAGHY.

Duck

Two wild duck of the upland spaces :
This morning, when the mists had lifted
Half above the bell-noised stream,
They rose in laboured circles, climbing
High into the light, wings plying
Stiffly through the vaporous air ;
Till when the victor sun had mounted,
They dropped back into rushy cover.

Noon again, they flew, loud-winged,
This time along a heather byway,
That cuts up to the shallow reaches,
Where they met the secret harm,
Whirled suddenly and fell together,
Fell both beside one clump of rushes,
Dying at the mossy root,
Before the nosing dog had found them.

* * * *

A brace of wild duck deftly fettered
The hot hail has done its worst
With sinewy neck, and glossy feathers :
One lies with neck outstretched, eyes staring,
One with head laid under breast,
Both quiet on the old brown dresser.

LYLE DONAGHY.

The Journey

By MÍCHEÁL MAC LIAMMÓIR.

Across the thick air of the compartment she watched them all as the train slid out of Paris. Rocking ever so slightly with the swaying motion, with bright eager eyes that peered, from the shelter of a pensive magenta hat, first at the grey and dingy white and tall shuttered houses passing by under vague scarves of mist, then at the curdled milk of the sky, all formless and indifferent, then at him who was—what else could he be?—her husband, and then at the other travellers, she watched.

All of them she saw under the sullen changing shadows and sombre splashes of wet light from the windows—the two odd dishevelled youthful creatures next to her . . . but perhaps they were literary and how interesting that would be, and what was their relation to each other, and where were they from? Then the obviously newly-married, very French, and exceedingly young man and woman who with hands clasped tightly together whispered and giggled and looked secretively about them and seemed already restless and impatient. In a corner, too, sat a silent, silent woman, decently clad and wearing long black gloves; she read a strange-looking book—could it be German? And one nice merry old man—English, she thought, what a relief—sat in another corner facing the silent one. Then her own husband, dear man; so pale he looked in this grim early light, with the collar of his brown overcoat turned up and his eyes very nearly, though not quite, closed. If only—if only he would either close or open them properly, those two narrow, faintly luminous slits in that calm, sad, gentlemanly face . . . If only . . .

“Dear, did you book two seats for lunch?”

“Yes.”

“Second series?”

“Yes.”

Changeless. Ah, well. Dear man. Dear, dear man . . .

Why did French trains always smell of soot and old carpets? Why did they shake so? Incompetence. None of that flowing, rhythmical, ordered gallop that should accompany the progress of a really good train like a drowsy waltz, but a skirl and a shake and a long, long, sickening, sliding run, and a twisting, cantering, racketing race, and then a slackening of speed and a new and

bewildering gathering of force, and then thump, crash, thump and bump and bump

"Houp-là!" said the French girl with enthusiasm, and she emerged triumphantly from the folds of a fallen coat which had extinguished her for a moment. She looked round at everyone with dark expectant eyes. Her husband, small and neat, and rather weary, put back the coat on the rack and handed her a book. "*Que t'es bon pour moi, mon chéri,*" she murmured, stroking his hair. Then she looked round again, hopefully, expectantly. She flicked over the pages of the book and giggled, and looked trustfully at her husband and giggled again.

Dear little thing.

How strange foreigners were! And so many of them everywhere. That corpse-like gentleman in the brown top-coat whose wife seemed so eager and bright and inquisitive under her magenta hat. Those two in the corner, with their queer vivid clothes and their silence and their absurd, uncurious vague smiles. That old and beaming Englishman in the corner, who faced the mad, silent lady; that ruddy-faced smiling old Englishman, whose eyes regarded her with a blank, fascinated gaze over the top of *Sans-Gêne*, which he seemed to find almost incredibly amusing. And how he loved to talk! If only one could understand him! What did he mean when he spoke of Folies Burjay?

"Have you seen the . . . the spectacle, Madame?"

"Monsieur will excuse me. What spectacle?"

"Why, the Folies Burjay. In Paris, you know."

What was the Folies Burjay? Something, it seemed, very charming and yet very bad at the same time. Oh, very bad. For why, when the merry old man turned to the corpse-like old man and said some words in English with a big wink, why was the silence so glacial?

"What a show, the Folies Burjay! When one's in France, you know——?"

And a slight, ever so slight, tremor ran over the face of the lady in magenta, and her husband widened the luminous slits in his face and stared silently for a second, and the slits narrowed again.

And outside through breaking clouds pale beams of gold touched the slim poplars as they floated past, and the earth stirred and smiled. Down a flat, curving road a little old woman followed for a moment her long shadow towards a straggling red and

white town and was gone, and more poplars and wide wind-ruffled pools took her place, and then there were broad sweeping fields and fleeting patches of yellow and brown and dull red, and a clean monotonous passing line of bare hills against the sky.

"What a beautiful day it's getting, dear. Do open your eyes and look."

"Oh, yes. Quite fine."

"I love Nature so, you know"

And everyone who understood English felt somehow obliged to lean slightly forward and look very, very bright.

"Me, I adore the sun. Look, my pigeon, how gay, what?"

"Yes, surely, it is charming."

"Aha, you hear! He also loves the sun. . . . Yes, Monsieur, yes, we are young married ones. Isn't it so, my treasure? Only ten days, think! Aha! Yes, we were in Paris for our honeymoon, now we go back to Nice. We live there. You also go there, Monsieur? Ah, what a chance. . . ."

God! Already one's legs were growing tired, and the air seemed to be made out of separate atoms, black and grey and gold and the dust dancing in the beams. *A Dhia mhóir! a Dhia mhóir! a Dhia mhóir!* Thirsty too, but what was the use of warmish wine, tepid lemonade? Another cigarette. What was the time? Food would make a break. . . .

A young wood with myriad yellow leaves pressed up dancing close to the windows sliding past with golden laughter, soon all bare and forsaken, desolate in winter. The light warm air from outside, with airy sweet perfumes from the fields. There was wet soot in the lavatory and caked dust, and pink powdered soap in a little machine, carbolic and lemon mixed, and a trickle of cold water and a paper towel. *MM. les voyageurs sont priés de rabattre le couvercle* dear, dear! *I viaggiatori sono pregati di* perhaps it was going on to Genoa or Milan, this train. How dirty one's face was on a journey, or maybe it was the glass, or the drab fleeting light. Out into the corridor.

"*Pardon, Monsieur; excusez bien, Madame; merci, Monsieur, merci*"

Threading one's way in and out in a narrow given strip of space like a fragment of the Book of Kells. Only this was dingy, jostling, unfinished. No beautiful corners, no voluptuous, masterful lines. No illumination. . . . And then lunch, with its stag-

gering, crab-like waiters and strange colourless meats and flying landscapes and clashing of plates and glasses, with a bottle of wine and a dazed, dilated, bitter pleasure in things. And after lunch, back to the cushioned eternity of that compartment to sleep, to sleep . . . Sleep and dream, be lost in the starless depths, the luminous caverns, the fiery spaces. Plunge into the Gothic darkness of Freudian things and explain nothing, ask nothing, examine nothing, or you will have to fly to Jung for comfort . . . Wake, wake: have you no shame? . . .

Wake! Look out of the window.

The sky is fathomless; the stars, one by one, look down from a pale green twilight; they pierce with points of silver fire the black network of trees and are gone, and more trees and dim wooded hills float and crowd and slip away. A town with oblong shafts of orange light and crooked roofs all blotched with age; it has a long, empty station, with closed buvettes and book-stalls and a few faint lamps. It is a silent, deserted place, growing old and evil all alone . . .

"*Seconde série! Seconde série!*"

More food, more food.

Oh, horror incredible! She. They!

"How nice to be at the same table with one's travelling companions. Don't you think so? And . . . you do speak English, don't you?"

The magenta hat leaned eagerly across the bobbing, bubbling soup.

Fancy, after all that food she was still an admirer of Nature. There she had sat with her veil turned back over her polished nose, with her busy snapping mouth and plaintive eyes and nimble roguish fingers, feeding and feeding. But no wine. Why no wine? "*Un peu de Perrier*," she had said. "Like we had at luncheon," she added aside with a bright yet serious look. Her dear husband had also taken Perrier. But they both had coffee afterwards with a nice drop of warm milk in it, much more wholesome. And then she began admiring Nature again. Ah, Nature. Oh, Nature.

When they were all back in the compartment she leaned confidently, tremulously, virginally across from her seat and confessed that she, too, was an artist.

"I say 'I, too,'" she whispered, wagging her head backwards

and forwards, "because I am sure you are a kindred spirit. I feel it."

No, this was going to be terrible.

"I love art. Art has always been my joy. There is something about Art . . . a sheet of paper, a brush, a pot of water, a few simple colours: you understand? Of course. I felt you would. I wish you could have seen a little water-colour landscape I did last June. It was called 'Radiant Morn.' Oh, quite simple, quite simple. But it had just that . . . just that . . . you know? A dear friend of ours—he was a colonel, oh, such a fine fellow—always called it 'that inspiration of a poetess in tints.' Yes . . . just that. And, you know, all my feeling for Art is derived from one source. Just one source. Nature. Ah! I wonder—I wonder if anyone knows what Nature means to us artists? Just a tree, a hill, a bunch of flowers . . ."

And then other fragments of talk, jumbled, disconnected sentences, break in on the ears like separate atoms of weariness, float about and jangle in the air like ceaseless tinkling bells, glitter and splash and drop into the void like garish paper darts.

" . . . imagine, Monsieur, though I am so fat and have a little, perhaps, the air of a woman, I am only seventeen. But I love my husband; isn't it so, my darling? Ah, we are so happy together; am I not right, my boy? But think, his father, just at first, was furious at our marriage; however . . ."

" . . . oh, that's it, young lady, is it? You are Irish. Well, what are things like over there now? Still fighting each other, eh? . . ."

" . . . yes, little one, it is true my father was at first a little annoyed . . ."

" . . . of course, yes, I quite understand, very wonderful . . ."

" . . . really, from London? And what are the English doing these days? Still reading *Punch* and doing cross-word . . ."

" . . . water-colour, with a bunch of lilies, you know, and the moon at the back just peeping out from behind a cloud . . . I called it 'Silvery Night' . . ."

" . . . *aimez beaucoup Paris, n'est ce pas Mademoiselle*, I mean Madame, don't you? *C'est si*—what the devil's the French for 'refreshing?'—Wait a minute—*très . . . oh, très bon . . .*"

" . . . give me just a quiet room, a beautiful view, and a few colours to work with, and I'm . . . absolutely . . ."

".... beg you, my treasure, to listen a moment. Sh ! quietly, she may understand ; I have just read the labels on the luggage of the silent one in the corner : figure to yourself—it is a Dutch princess. My God ! When I think I thought her so ugly, so ordinary at first. This, of course explains her silence. See, she never moves. One would say a statue. But one sees, of course, immediately that she is excessively distinguished...."

"....it must have been very interesting...."

"....Wheeler-Wilcox ? Oh no, in Ireland. I believe the betting is all for the school of Nat Gould. We find him so stimulating...."

"....and the ninth was of a pot of daisies, with just a suggestion of the sun setting behind and a big butterfly with folded wings resting on the...."

Ah ! If only she would take her eyes away !

Look out of the window quickly. Quickly before you are lost. Look right out into the cool, restless dark. Let the soot and the smoke and the blackness beat in your face. Let the wind rush past you with its mournful laughing song in the night.

And see where, from dim and barren places far away, the moon rises slowly out of the mists like a copper shield, smitten with red fire.

Book Reviews

THOSE OTHER PAGANS.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE. Sir James George Frazer. Vol. I. (London : Macmillan, 1926. 25s. net.)

We hear much in these days about pagans and paganism. With almost weekly regularity, the Press has to take notice of the reprehensible activities in which our pagans indulge, to the scandal of the remainder of the community. So far as I have observed, these people mingle with their neighbours without remark, so long as they remain silent and keep their feet from moving restlessly about, either inside their dwellings or in the streets of the city.

In the days of my youth a pagan was a foreigner ; you could usually distinguish him by the colour of his skin. But in these dangerous times we no longer have the colour as a warning and danger-signal ; the menace elbows us in the street, shares with us our tram-rides, looks exactly like an ordinary human being, while all the time he is a hidden human danger to the moral stability of the nation.

For the present we will postpone further examination into the past of this modern terror, and turn our thoughts to some other pagans, first recalling the words of Terence MacSwiney with regard to differences of religion :—

What everyone should take as a fair demand is that all men should be sincere in their professions, and that we should justify ourselves by the consistency of our own lives, rather than by the wickedness of our neighbours : which is nothing new.

A great book is upon the table before me, and it is one of a great series dealing with comparative religion, or at any rate giving the reader an opportunity of comparing for himself many different points of view, Human—Godward. It is *The Worship of Nature*, by Sir James G. Frazer, and those who are acquainted with *The Golden Bough* will need no further introduction. All who are interested in the manners and customs of very distant relations abroad will find Sir James Frazer's latest book a treasury of information. With every book he publishes the author adds to our debt, as surely as he does to his own credit.

With regard to comparative religion as a study, this wonderfully comprehensive work is invaluable ; the author has brought together many widely scattered accounts and records of beliefs and religious customs, and so has shortened the labours of all students of this important subject. The sources from which he has drawn his material are noted, and the further you plunge into the delightful reading the more fully you will realise the royal, unstinted, generous care and solicitude shown to the reader.

When the time shall come for synthetizing and harmonizing all points that are common to the multitudinous phases of the religions of mankind, the works of Sir James Frazer will be a reference library in themselves. The only important and considerable treatises or handbooks of comparative religion are, as far as I am aware, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, the great works of Helena P. Blavatsky, written in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and which she herself stated would not be understood until the twentieth century.

It is when face to face with a tabulated record of the work already accomplished by Professor Frazer, that the student is struck by the magnitude of this accomplishment, and, let us hope, stirred up to lose no time in getting

into line with his leaders ; such brilliant achievement must be a perpetual stimulus and encouragement to all students. The tracks of the human mind adown the ages are most important to the man of to-day, and when the primal source from which they radiated shall have been, to some extent, traced, their value will be fully seen. Many things which are nowadays glanced at as being mere invention and fable may be found to be of the utmost importance in answering the eternal question—from WHENCE is man, and WHY ?

The author's broad sympathy with his subject is seen in the notable absence of dogmatic insistence on any theory. He says :—

This primitive philosophy is known as *animism*. Whether or not it was man's earliest attempt at solving the riddle of the world we cannot say. . . . It may be that the animistic hypothesis is only one of many guesses at truth which man has successively formed and rejected as unsatisfactory.

He also uses the phrase *primitive people* with a full admission of the ambiguity of the term. He uses it in a relative sense, to denote a *level of culture much below that which has been reached by educated persons of modern civilized society*. Also he clinches the confidence he inspires by evidences of transparent honesty of attitude ; he frankly recants an old opinion, once he finds it not warranted.

I formerly argued that Zeus was primarily a god of the oak, and only secondarily a god of the thundering sky. But this view I now believe to be erroneous, and I have long retracted it.

And so just is he in his quotation that he notes in one place that he has substituted the English word *placed* for the American version *located*.

The book has thrilled me by the wonderful atmosphere it breathes of so much that is best and most enduring in the widely scattered units of humanity, both in respect of time and world-distance. The people of Vedic India, the Dravidians, they of Ancient Egypt, Babylonia, China, Persia, Greece, Rome are among the ancient peoples dealt with. There is also a very large section devoted to that land of myriad facets of belief, darkest Africa.

The value of Prof. Frazer's work is completed by the hundreds of footnotes and bibliographical references. There are nearly twenty pages of detailed contents in small type, and the number of marginal summaries makes the study of the subject a matter of greatly simplified labour.

The humour that smiles through the work is also a wonderful incentive to keener attention. I cannot resist quoting a couple of sentences from the section devoted to the worship of the sun among the ancient Greeks :—

One of the articles in the accusation of Socrates was that he did not believe in the divinity of the Sun and Moon, and that he inculcated on the minds of the youth of Athens the damnable doctrine that the Sun was nothing but a stone and the Moon nothing but earth. In his defence the philosopher did not directly deny the charge, but parried it by declaring that the heresy in question was to be found in the writings of Anaxagoras, which any young man could buy at a book-stall for a shilling.

This (first) volume deals with the worship of Sky and Earth, and contains a first instalment on the worship of the Sun, to be concluded in the second volume, and followed up with that of the Moon, Stars, Fire, Water, Wind, Plants and Animals. The plan of the book is very simply stated as being

the study of the principal forms which natural religion is commonly found to assume in its earlier stages, with which alone we are concerned.

In his introductory lecture the Professor expounds the general theory of the source of religion among men. But I should at first explain that this work of Sir James Frazer's is the assembling together of the whole of the Gifford Lectures delivered by him before the University of Edinburgh, in the years 1924 and 1925, together with much additional matter which could not be compressed within the limits of twenty lectures.

Natural Theology is defined as

the conception which man, without the aid of revelation, has formed to himself of the existence and nature of a god or gods.

But it seems to me that this is assuming that religion is a matter of human invention. There is a widespread group of traditions that in the beginning of things a God or Gods lived among men, who were given a start in life by divine instruction. Afterwards, when man became corrupted from his primal purity of nature, this divinity removed itself from amongst the people, and the story of waning belief and loss of knowledge began. Only rudiments of the original teachings survived, and those in a garbled and materialised form. What proof have we that there is no foundation for the belief that all religion is the survival of an original revelation, and that there never has been a religion that does not owe its existence to divine Teachers, ages before our historical records begin?

Whether he acts deliberately in pursuance of a theory, or, as is more probable, instinctively in obedience to an impulse of his nature, primitive man at a certain stage, not necessarily the earliest, of his mental evolution, attributes a personality akin to his own to all or, at all events, to the most striking of the natural objects, whether animate or inanimate, by which he is surrounded.

Or it may be that man, in the absence of external guidance, trusted in his human faculty of intuition, and felt that all nature was ensouled, and not he alone. The qualification, *not necessarily the earliest*, might send one gropingly seeking for the road that shall lead through to that earliest stage, which is so veiled in silence and darkness. There are those who teach that religion, for man, did not begin in the heterogeneous condition, but in the greatly simple. That man was, as it were, shown the acorn and its ultimate unfolding into the oak tree; that he did not, until much later, find himself reduced to the staggering position of having to account for the origin of the tree by the simplification and unifying of its associated parts. Let not the flippant surmise that I see the source of early religion in the teaching of botany to the first men, although it is said that there's many a true word spoken in jest. The divorce of religion from science is not of ancient origin.

I gather that Sir James Frazer very gracefully (and he is not in the least dogmatic about it—that is a great charm about all his theories) inclines to the theory, which he states as follows:—

After man had peopled with a multitude of individual spirits every rock and hill, every tree and flower . . . they began, in virtue of what we may call the economy of thought, to limit the number of the spiritual beings, of whom their imagination had at first been so prodigal . . . the innumerable multitude was generalised and reduced to a comparatively small number of deities: animism was replaced by polytheism.

And that the same process evolved monotheism out of polytheism.

The human mind's innate instinct for simplifying and unifying heterogeneous units is due, says Prof. Frazer, to the working of a fundamental law.

Maybe this law will be found some day to be an urge of the ancient soul of humanity to stimulate the mind to reach in further than the heterogeneous condition, the thousand radiating sparks, until it arrives at the centre from which they radiate. It may well be that the gathering up and bringing together of records from all corners of the earth, the daily lengthening of the period of recorded history, that has been going on for the last half century have provided the incentive to such effort : this may be that fundamental law ; the simplifying instinct may be the subconscious reminder of an early simple condition.

Sir James Frazer points out that the natural religions under consideration were not, like the great historical religions—Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam—created each at a blow by the genius of a single founder, and that all the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the *national* religions of Ancient India and the Mediterranean basin were in general the fruit of a long, gradual and, so to say, natural evolution, which lasted for many ages and was effected rather by the tacit and almost unconscious co-operation of the many, rather than by the purposeful intervention of a few outstanding individuals.

It is interesting, however, to read in the *Bhagavad Gita* (a section of the great Indian epic, *The Mahabharata*) Krishna, who is speaking as the manifested Logos, saying as follows :—

This exhaustless doctrine of Yoga I formerly taught unto Vivaswat (1) ; Vivaswat communicated it to Manu (2), and Manu made it known, unto Ikshwaku (3) ; and being thus transmitted from one unto another, it was studied by the Rajarshees (4), until at length in the course of time the mighty art was lost.

- (1) Vivaswat, the sun, first manifestation of divine wisdom at the beginning of evolution.
- (2) Manu, generic title for the reigning spirit of the sensuous universe.
- (3) Ikshwaku, the founder of the Indian solar dynasty.
- (4) Rajarshees, Royal Sages.

In perusing the section dealing with Africa, we may see how false an impression was the idea about these now better known backward peoples which was held, up to a very few years ago. The main source of information was the stories brought back to civilization by explorers and traders, who travelled with both whips and guns. The first-named were in a general way anxious to arrive somewhere further on, and the second, to arrive back in civilized surroundings a good deal wealthier than when they started on their journey. Neither class was interested in the thoughts of the native, and any accounts they had to give resulted in a general impression of degradation, appalling ignorance, and the practice of superstition of the darkest and most hopeless character.

But when earnest students went, with their lives in their hands, and lived amongst races who in many cases knew of the white man only as a dreaded black magician, to be avoided and if possible put to death, then the Negro began to come into his place as a man, and in some cases to give an example of fine, clean living to his white relations. I remember reading of a tribe in Southern Nigeria, who, as related by P. Amaury Talbot, make it a rule that children must take their meals apart from the older members of the tribe. The reasons given were that children were not particular in washing their hands before eating, and that they were liable to break the peace that should prevail at a meal by quarrelling about their share.

In Northern Rhodesia the Creator is "The Eternal One, The Guardian, The Giver, Master, Owner of Things, The Compassionate, The Kindly One." A man on a journey, coming to a river, will pray—"It is thou that leadest me. Now may I return with prosperity from the place whither I am going, O Leza ; go on shepherding me well, my Master." Substitute for the name "Leza" the Christian "Lord," and the benighted heathen would seem gifted with a simple faith that would not disgrace his Christian brother.

Among the Konde people of Eastern Africa prayer is addressed directly to the spirits of ancestors, who are in many cases conceived as having power of themselves to grant a petition ; but more frequently they are entreated to carry the petitions to God, who alone can give what is asked for. There is also a direct prayer to supplement the prayers of the spirits of ancestors—"Be gracious to us, O God, and hear the prayers of those whom we have named,"—the reference being to the spirits to whom the main body of the petition is addressed. Among another East African tribe, God, the Supreme, is a spirit, incorporeal, a righteous God, the Creator ; and the souls of the dead dwell with Him in a bright place, and by their petitions exercise great influence with Him.

It would seem that, among other prejudices to be eradicated from among ourselves, that which springs from the instinctive reprehension of all forms of religion outside of our own might be placed first on the list. "All roads lead to Rome," it is said, and to me this is only a narrow putting of the broader statement in an Eastern scripture :—

In whatever way men approach Me, in that way I assist them ; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is Mine.

It is interesting to note the parallel between Catholic and Pagan in the matter of prayers to great ones departed, as described above, whether they be saints or ancestors.

Sir James Frazer, in company with a great army of workers in the fields of humanity, is doing a giant's share towards the realization of the simple fact that Humanity is one great brotherhood, and that this is a fact in nature, and that Truth is not, never has been, and never can be the exclusive property of any one group of men. The great apostle to the Gentiles, as St. Paul has been called, has said that there are gods many and lords many, while insisting that only the Supreme is to be worshipped. He has also very explicitly appraised the value of all knowledge, and of the faith that could remove mountains, and even of the supreme sacrifice possible to man, that of giving his body to be burned, if the saving virtue of divine charity is wanting. The Pharisee type still persists, and spiritual pride is, in theory at least, reprobated ; but before the white man condemns his black brother as accursed, it will be well that he bear in mind that other warning given by the Founder of his religion against condemning any man. The study of comparative religion must in the end lead to the better realization of our position as units of one great family, and to this end Sir James Frazer's work is of inestimable value. I look forward to the completion of his study of *The Worship of Nature*.

CIAN DRAOI.

ON EDUCATION, ESPECIALLY IN EARLY CHILDHOOD. By Bertrand Russell. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).

A distinguished visitor, on the occasion of distributing the prizes, the other day, at a well known public school, informed the boys that it was in the interests of their country that they were being educated.

The underlying idea, here implied, of the pupils being regarded as means to an end, rather than as ends in themselves is precisely what Mr. Bertrand Russell is up in arms against. In the stimulating and eminently characteristic book here reviewed, the author declares that "the teacher should love his children better than his State or his Church, otherwise he is not an ideal teacher." In this stressing of the importance of the individual rather than the community, he is following a wise and growing tendency amongst modern educationists. As the sub-title indicates, a large section of the book is devoted to the subject of character training during the early years, the author laying great emphasis on the importance of the formation of correct habits, especially during the first year. "The new-born infant" he remarks, "has reflexes and instincts, but no habits," though to judge from his opinions, its capacity for immediate response to formative influences, either for good or evil, is practically unlimited. Indeed, the author's faith in the efficacy of correct and already tested methods of early training to bring about an almost Utopian state of affairs in one generation will probably be viewed with some scepticism. That we do not apply them, he observes, characteristically enough, is "because we prefer oppression and war."

The important factors of heredity, as regards effect on character, Mr. Russell appears to completely ignore. No doubt he considers its influence where undesirable can be eliminated by sufficiently careful watching and right training. However, the majority of parents will probably agree that the problem cannot be so lightly dismissed, particularly those—and they are many—who must have experienced an almost baffling diversity of character and temperament amongst their own children. Granted that much can be done to eradicate or counteract undesirable hereditary traits by careful training, it must be that much more than mere educational methods is here involved.

On the question of the relative merits of day and boarding schools the author finds that there are too many conflicting considerations to arrive at any general conclusion. He points out that parents who live in the country would be unlikely to find any good day school near at hand, so that, *faute de mieux*, they would have to send their children to a boarding school. But Mr. Russell's prejudice against the latter is clearly shown by his apparently limiting the category of suitable entrants to boys who are thoroughly mediocre in everything except at games.

On the whole, the author follows what are now fairly widely accepted ideas in modern pedagogy and psychology, expressing his views, however, with all the vigour and pungency to be expected from his pen. Mr. Russell frankly admits, in his introduction, that with regard to the aims of education, it is impossible to remain entirely aloof from the major controversies of the age. "A pacifist will not desire for his children the education which seems good to a militarist, the educational outlook of a communist will not be the same as

that of an individualist." Only it is unfortunate that the author allows his own well known views of these matters to find an outlet in occasional highly exaggerated and clearly biased statements and a bitterness of expression more suitable to an electioneering pamphlet than a serious book on education.

This is more to be regretted, inasmuch as those parents not sufficiently familiar with the present trend in educational matters, but eager to study the question, and to whom Mr. Russell's book should undoubtedly prove of value may take offence at some of his more hasty and intemperate judgments, and close the book in disgust.

And yet—the present reviewer recently picked up the latest prospectus of a highly recommended *preparatory* school, claiming to be run according to a certain well-known modern system, and noted that rifle-shooting at the school range was compulsory, and that four school troops paraded the colours daily!

One wonders if perhaps Mr. Russell is not justified after all!

B.L.J.

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DISARMAMENT. By Professor P. J. Noel Baker. (The Hogarth Press, London. 12s. 6d. net).

Mr. Baker gives us a comprehensive study—of quite startling interest, in some respects—of the problem of a general reduction of armaments, at present engaging the attention of the League of Nations. The fundamental purpose of such reduction is not only to alleviate the burden of taxation which afflicts the world, but to eliminate that competition in warlike preparation which inevitably results in war, the ultimate ideal being a standard of armament just sufficient to ensure internal order in each country, with its colonies.

The author insists, in quite logical fashion, that such reduction of armament can have no value unless it be general, that is to say, effectively applied to every branch of armament, and to every important State; and he, incidentally, reminds us that the Washington Convention dealt, only partially, with one military factor, naval armament, and has thus failed to eliminate competition and increasing expenditure in the various nations' preparation for naval warfare.

Many people may regard this vastly ambitious project of world-disarmament with the same detachment and even indifference with which they look on much of the agenda of the League of Nations. They will be startled out of their complacency, however, by one or two chapters in this book. We get down to matters of vivid and intense human interest when Mr. Baker deals authentically with the "progress" achieved since 1918 in the development of poison-gas (of which the public are profoundly ignorant), as well as of air-craft, two military factors which, in combination, are to-day capable of wiping out civilisation in a brief space of time. This part of the book is almost fascinating in the horror of the visions which it evokes. Shortly before the German surrender in 1918 the Americans had produced a poison-gas with fifty-five times the "spread" of any poison-gas actually used in the war, invisible, a sinking gas which would reach down to cellars and dug-outs, which, if inhaled, meant immediate death, and which, if it settled on the skin, would produce almost certain death. According to an expert, one dozen of one-ton air-bombs filled with this gas might have wiped out

Berlin. Subsequent experiments made in other countries have given even "better" results, and invention and research are still active in "perverting" science to the eventual purpose of human destruction. Mr. Baker remarks that:—"From one day to the next, science may spring a cataclysmic surprise upon a careless world."

Quite apart from the main subject of discussion, the ordinary reader is set wondering whether, on the whole, the modern development of scientific knowledge should be considered a blessing to humanity, or the reverse. H. P. K.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSMISSION OF THE BIBLE. By Henry Guppy, M.A., D.PH. ET LITT. (The University Press, 23 Lime Grove, Manchester. 1s. 6d. net.).

A work from the hands of the Librarian of the John Rylands Library is an important happening, and the work chosen on this occasion is of appropriate importance. Just over 400 years ago the first directly translated New Testament was published in English, and the work of Tindale had an effect on the English tongue not less important than that of William Shakespeare. Dr. Guppy has treated the whole fascinating subject with admirable clarity and vigour, and sheds light upon many interesting byeways of history. The facsimiles, twenty in number, are well reproduced.

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AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. By Sylvester J. MacNamara, M.A. (International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Bergen, N.Y. 35 cents).

The title of this book may mislead many people into thinking that it deals with controversial or even American political issues. It is neither one thing nor the other, and is really of universal value as a particularly clear exposition of first principles which are of perennial interest to every civilisation. A wide reading of the book would do much good in Ireland, which is faced with the difficulties of a new situation where a clear grasp of fundamentals is particularly necessary. What are the rights of the people in essence? Mr. MacNamara at least defines the main factors of the problem. How many people know that the "Divine Right of Kings" is a purely post-Reformation doctrine, roundly denounced by Father Parsons, the Jesuit, in 1594, and that the famous American Declaration of Independence is permeated by the ideas of the scholastic philosophers, and contains not merely the principles but the *ipsissima verba* of Bellarmine—another Jesuit? Anyway, this book would surprise those people who think that "Commissioner" government is a cure for all our ills.

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THE STUDIO YEAR-BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART. Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme and Shirley B. Wainwright. ("The Studio," 44 Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2. 7s. 6d. net., in wrapper; 10s. 6d. net., in cloth).

This work illustrates the progress during the year 1925 of Architecture and the Allied Arts, furniture, silver, pottery and glass being included. Its territorial

scope is limited to North-West Europe, save that we are shown a few examples of American work. In a few cases the English architects hark back to half-timber work, some of which looks like the genuine oak framing, and some like the sham. Real half-timber work is very expensive, with its massive oak, framed and pinned together, and its super-strength is unnecessary; the sham variety is simply an atrocity. There is plenty of variety in the design of the English houses shown; on the first two pages are two by Mr. Oliver Hill, built of local materials, in the local fashion, which look as if they grew out of the ground; a photograph and plan of quite a formal house by the same architect appears on p. 2. There is a still more rigidly symmetrical garden-front by Messrs. Baillie Scott and Beresford, p. 17, which is spoiled by an easily avoidable narrowness in one window. The main bulk of the houses shown are informal in their planning, very sensibly laid out, and pleasing in their elevations. The economic need of the times shows in many of them.

America provides us with views of two one-storey houses, of a pleasantly rambling character, and a Philadelphian mansion, of which we are permitted to see the lily-pond, a bedroom fit for a king, and the wistaria room, the whole eloquent of pomp and opulence.

The German work is cold and ostentatious, but two interesting small houses are shown on pp. 36 *et alia*; the absence of plans for these and many other houses is to be regretted. The two examples of Danish houses are simple and effective in design, one a small dwelling, and the other a pretentious mansion built on a U-shaped plan.

The English interiors are, on the whole, excellent, the built fireplaces being a study in themselves; the example by Horth and Andrew is worthy of special notice. There are two examples of economical wall-panelling, three-ply wood being used for the panels. The tempera paintings by Polunin, a Polish artist, are very beautiful (pp. 58-9).

The furniture is, on the whole, excellent, and frequently characterised by a blessed simplicity. In the English examples there is a certain amount of hankering after older styles, which is to be regretted.

The chief fault to be found with the pottery is the inutility of much of it; even though shape and decoration be beautiful, and though the article may be destined for the china cabinet rather than for use, the appearance of uselessness is a grave drawback. These remarks apply chiefly to the vases and the jars. There is some very fine German work by König and Speck on pp. 136-7, and some interesting modern glass-work comes from Paris.

There is much to attract one in the silver and other metal work, though here again unpractical shapes are often found. The small but charming collection of decorative panels, some in tempera on wood and two embroidered in wool, should be studied. In the very small section devoted to gardens Messrs. Wratten and Godfrey's pergola and summerhouse and Sir E. Lutyens' lily pond are the only items that seem to call for attention.

All who are interested in beautiful homes and their furnishings would treasure a copy of this book, the illustrations in which are beyond praise.

C. MACD.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ITALY. By T. Francis Bumpus. (T. Werner Lawrie, Ltd., 30 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London. 31s. 6d. net.)

The author treats his subject entirely from the point of view of architectural design, the technicalities of construction being avoided throughout the work ; he describes and criticises no less than 200 of the cathedrals and greater churches of Italy in minute detail. The work is the result of the compression by the publishers of three volumes into one, and in the process the churches south of Rome suffer neglect, only 26 pages of the total 385 being devoted to them ; but to the churches of northern Italy the book would make a most valuable work of reference.

Considerable attention is given to the very distinctive Romanesque churches of Lombardy, with their deeply recessed arcaded galleries on the façades, and the characteristic arched and gabled porches supported by two columns at the front ; these columns in their turn rest on the backs of two lions, a piece of design which is of very questionable morality. Whoever devised this feature, it spread throughout and far beyond Lombardy. The porch is often carried up two or even three stories, the upper ones being similarly arched, but with less projection from the façade. Not the least interesting feature of the Lombard exterior is the beautiful symbolic carving with which they are often enriched, as at S. Michele in Pavia. The Lombards at first built in brick varied with courses of stone, but afterwards confined themselves to brickwork altogether, using specially made bricks for the cornices and other enriched features. The leaning towers of Bologna, and the cloisters of the Certosa at Pavia are the finest examples of brickwork in Italy.

Venice is rather scantily treated, a mere list of churches and a few pages devoted to S. Mark's are all we are given. The interior architecture of S. Mark's is extremely chaste and simple, but it is furnished with the spoils of countless other buildings of all ages, with statuary, marble columns and what not, and the walls are decorated with painting, the whole producing an indescribable effect of richness which must be seen to be believed. The Cathedral is quite small, being only 220 feet long, and has many oriental features, the architect being a native of Constantinople.

The author's destructive criticism is sound if severe ; thus he deals with Milan exterior :—

“The Cathedral of Milan has been wonderfully contrived to bury millions of money in ornaments that are never to be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured into statues, relievos, niches and notches, and high sculpture has been expended on objects which vanish individually into the mass. Were two or three hundred of these statues removed the rest would regain their due importance, and the fabric itself become more intelligible.”

To the interior of the Cathedral, however, he justly gives the greatest praise.

Few will agree with the opinion that the façade of Siena Cathedral is superior to that of Orvieto ; the author would appear to have been carried away by the beauty of the marble decorations added fifty years after the building of the

Cathedral. The two façades are very similar ; in that of Orvieto the lines of the gable side walls are carried down to the ground in the piers of the central arch ; in Siena this was not done, and the gable offends the eye, in that it appears to be insufficiently supported.

Rome is very fully dealt with, whilst Florence is almost neglected, and the whole of Southern Italy is merely skimmed over.

The illustrations are very well chosen, and to the purpose, but the photographs suffer frequently from vertical distortion, a dangerous defect in a work on architecture.

C. MACD.

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EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART. By Frank Rutter. (London : Harrap, 1926. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated).

This is a work of wide scope, and it is written with most illuminating clearness and breadth of view, while its conciseness of style in no way fetters the completeness with which the subject is treated. A study of the growth of Modern Painting from the year 1870 down to 1925, it is a most important book for all who are interested in the work of modern artists.

The author begins with the birth and development of Impressionism, showing that it was an expression of the philosophical thought of the times in which it arose. It was a sign on the Art planes of the state of revolt on Thought planes against the tide of materialism that held Europe in its grip at that period. Those were the days of Darwin and his claim that Man was only a higher-grade animal, and of the animal painter, Landseer's, reign as the most popular British artist. And Mr. Rutter justifies his use of the word Evolution right through his book. He shows that the next stage, Post-Impressionism, was the re-action set up by Impressionism, a revolt against the unemotional science into which Art, through the latter phase had evolved. Next in order, we learn what lies at the heart of the teaching of the Cubist school. And here there is a delightful study of a Mother and Babe by Pablo Picasso, the reputed founder of this school. To realise the break between one school and its successor, one needs only to turn to the next plate, by the same artist, a study of a Lady in a Mantilla—exceedingly clever and decorative, and suggestive of concentration of form into its utmost limit of angularity. Cubism was a step on the path of attainment. This was not realised at the time, and dismay was the lot of the majority, who live on steps.

It will be quite appropriate to quote here the Nine Propositions with which Mr. Rutter commences his book :—

- I. There can be no Art without Life.
- II. There can be no Life without Growth.
- III. There can be no Growth without Change.
- IV. There can be no Change without Controversy.
- V. Vital art-work is controversial and displeasing to the Majority.
- VI. Uninformed opinion is hostile to the Unknown.
- VII. Of any given subject the number of persons possessing knowledge is smaller than the number of the uninformed.
- VIII. A Minority is not always right ; but Right Opinions can only originate in a Minority.
- IX. Ignorance triumphs at a General Election.

Hence the dismay of the Majority as each step made itself seen. A sidelight on the instinct of the Cubist is suggested by the author's remark that the majority of the artists engaged in what may be called "abstract painting" have been men intensely interested in mathematics or engineering. I think that, in the highest sense of the term, all the arts are applications of mathematical laws. A sense of proportion, of rhythm, balance in design (which is, again, a sense of proportion, of mathematically grouped quantities), light and shade (balance again)—all these seem to imply the keeping of the laws which demand correct (and therefore satisfying) combinations of varying rates of vibration, whether of light or of sound. The engineering end of the line is this faculty seen in its greatest degree of mechanical development.

Mr. Rutter then shows how emphasis on the expression of movement blossomed into what is known as Futurism, which was an attempt to convert painting from an art of space into an art of time. Then came Expressionism, the art of giving emotional pleasure without an appeal to material association, and this phase marched with the growth of Futurism. Vorticism was a British blend of the last three movements, and artists are moving consciously and definitely away from emotionalism, remembering that Man is a thinking being, and should be addressed through his reason. As a sign of the success of this idea, the popularity of the modern woodcut is advanced. Decorative ideals prevail to-day in the pictorial arts, and design is increasingly evident in all compositions. The author hints at the companion change that is evident in the realm of Music. Let us judge nothing before the time; much that we have been accustomed to look upon as permanent accomplishment, is now in the melting-pot, or shall we say, in the old Celtic caldron of Cure. The New is not yet seen, but it is inevitable; perhaps some day the pessimistic old hymn about "change and decay" will be revised nearer to the eternal truth of "change and renewal." As the Eastern scripture says.—*All is Impermanent save Spirit*, and the mistake in life, which prevents us living with any satisfaction, is in dwelling on each change as it arises, and in criticising the work before the artist has said all he has to say.

Mr. Rutter has given us a most able and engrossing study of a wide subject, written in clear and direct style, and greatly added to in value by the thirty-five plates with which the book is illustrated. As a result of perusing it from cover to cover, I say to myself, in the words which he quotes on his title-page, from Zarathustra—*In that day I vowed that I would renounce every aversion.*

ARTHUR KELLS.

VAN GOGH. (*Masters of Modern Art*). By Paul Colin. Trans. by Beatrice Moggridge. London: The Bodley Head, 1926. 5s. nett. (Illustrated).

BRITISH ARTISTS OF TO-DAY. I. Mark Gertler. II. John Nash. III. Gilbert Spencer. IV. Frank Dobson. London: The Fleuron. 1925. 3s. 6d. net. (Illustrated).

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY. Edited by Campbell Dodgson. London: J. M. Dent. 5s. (Illustrated).

Detailed notice of the above Art publications is unavoidably held over until our next issue.

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING (10): EDWARD BLAMPIED. (London: "The Studio," Limd. 1926. 5s. net).

Here are displayed the magic of line, the joyous work of one who is a genius. Every plate in the collection tells of motion caught by the eye, and recorded deeply on the tablets of memory, and there is before us the essence of this memory reduced down to its vital framework of living line. I wonder do we realise the magic that lies in the power of genius to arouse in our minds, by the use of fixed lines, the sensation of beholding the rapidity of a body in motion? Motionless lines setting up in the mind of the beholder all the rhythm of motion, for that is what it is. In some of us this will arouse the memory of sounds connected with that motion, and even the remembered feeling of air passing over the face. In all this we have pure magic, the White magic of life. The work of Edward Blampied contains all this power—power which is the result of restraint. Although limited to twelve plates, this collection is a revelation of the artist's greatness in this respect.

In a very clearly written foreword Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman gives a few personal details with regard to the artist, tracing the rapid opening out of his talent, from the period of boyhood on his father's farm in Jersey to his first professional work as a black-and-white artist for the London *Daily Chronicle*, before he took up the art of etching, and so on to the days when his standing as a Master was fully evident. The first plates etched by Blampied were executed only thirteen years ago; fame has come to him early in his career. It may be the character of genius that the vision of soul which perceives the vital essence that produces the outer, visible effect, is not allowed to be clouded by the tendency of the brain-mind to dwell on the appearance. It confines the representation to only what of the general form is needed to suggest what was seen, and then the fire that produces thought is used to trace in lines of rhythm the essential life that was perceived, as far as it can be captured and held, and in that lies the extent of the genius.

Space will only permit of the mention of one or two of the examples, so I will notice two which are studies of the opposite poles of motion. Plate II. is a quiet study of a couple of drowsing horses standing, harnessed to a load of dripping seaweed, on a wet, low-tide strand, and is a delightful representation of weed-littered, watery reflections. Plate VI. is a wonder picture of joyous speed; a bearded farm labourer charging down the road with a wheel-barrow, in which is sitting a laughing small boy, the two accompanied by a collie racing beside the barrow. It is radiant with joyous motion. The whole impression is speed, rollicking motion and life. In fact it takes very little imagination to supply the accompanying sounds and to feel the touch of the air.

The book is high achievement for the reproducers of the plates and for the printers, and is one more link in the chain of indebtedness laid on the artist and the art-lover by the proprietors of *The Studio*. For years the *Studio* extra numbers have delighted all who saw them, and the series of "Modern Masters of Etching," of which this is No. 10, is another to be added to the list of triumphs of reproduction standing to the credit of all concerned.

TOWN PLANNING IN ANCIENT INDIA. By Binode Behari Dutt, M.A., B.L. (Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and Simla. Rs. 7/8).

A rare jewel comes to the Western world, introduced by no less a person than Professor Patrick Geddes. Will it be read and assimilated? Can we Occidental people again listen to the wisdom from the Orient? It is a little doubtful. The Magi will probably remain a mere decorative legend in our thoughts. Professor Geddes points out that in Sanskrit is the philology of our European languages, but it needs Mr. Dutt's book to make us realise how much of our culture is Aryan in origin. To put it plainly, before there was an England or an Ireland, the Aryans had occupied Babylon, and in India built and administered great cities, with a knowledge of public health and other matters beside which we are by comparison, even now, beginners. And this Vedic learning is intensely practical. Such things as the width of roads, sanitary matters, the qualifications and duties of a city staff are set down with a detail that is surprising in its vital co-ordination. Dublin has much to learn from Babylon. Our present masters might read this book. In the meanwhile, a word of grateful thanks is due to Mr. Dutt for the introduction in his text of the term "Folk Planning." If he can add to the first good, sound, Anglo-Saxon word an equally happy substitute for "Planning," it will be clear to all that yet another Wise Man has come from the East.

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ROME, PAST AND PRESENT. By William Gaunt, B.A. Edited by Geoffrey Holme. (The Studio, Ltd., 44 Leicester Square, London. 7s. 6d. net).

The Eternal City has been the subject of so many books that anything entirely new is not to be expected. But Mr. Gaunt has been more than happy in his presentation of the history and present condition of the greatest city of definitely recorded times. The story begins at the beginning of Roman things, and proceeds to the present-day treasures of Roman art and architecture. A really good account is given of the life led by the old Romans, and Mr. Gaunt makes it clear that their lives were not entirely controlled by either *pietas* or even *gravitas*. Indeed they were very human, and not without a distinct sporting instinct. There are 144 plates, many of them coloured, and this being a special "Studio" number, their quality is, of course, the acme of perfection. The reproductions of the Lafrery engravings are of profound interest to the modern Town Planner.

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THE ROMANTIC '90S. By Richard le Gallienne. (Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net).

When we were very young (as Mr. Milne would say) a youthful and picturesque figure set forth on a new sentimental journey through the leafy lanes of England. His garb was strange and wonderful in that late Victorian world, and his growth of hair was so luxuriant that Mr. Max Beerbohm was able, pictorially, to perch two silk hats comfortably upon it. If the 'nineties ever merited the name "romantic"—which is doubtful—they owe the title more to that gay troubadour who went in quest of the Golden Girl than to any other of the curiously-assorted band of writers whom some whim of fate brought together in the last decade of the last century. In an age when decadence took on itself mediæval trappings and the glamour of an earlier and healthier day,

Mr. le Gallienne was one of the few who made genuine romance live again for a while in a drab and smug Victorian world.

Now, looking a little wistfully across the Atlantic from New York, where he has had his home since 1900, over a vista of thirty years, he has written a book about the times and the men he knew. *The Romantic '90s* will make an excellent bookshelf companion for Mr. Osbert Burdett's *The Beardsley Period*. The one is light, gossipy and personal; the other critical and profound. Reading the two books, one gets as complete a picture of the age of Wilde, Beardsley, Dowson, Symons and the rest as we are likely to need.

Mr. le Gallienne is a hero-worshipper who does not regard his idols, even in retrospection, through blurred glasses. His loyalty does not waver, but at the same time he is refreshingly frank. The great men are not shorn of their haloes, but neither are their weaknesses, their foibles, and their vanities overlooked.

Here is an "intriguing"—how one hates that word, but it fits—portrait of Swinburne at the "Pines":—

"He had come to the table waving a copy of the *St. James's Gazette* with considerable excitement, even irascibility. Something he had been reading had evidently aroused his indignation. It was a review of a new poet, for whom he expressed a true Swinburnian, polysyllabic scorn. He read aloud to us some extracts, with his high, singing voice, breathing hard and spasmodically, and I noticed that he had written on the margins remarks of a highly objugatory nature. The poet, I regret to add, was Francis Thompson."

What made the incident all the more piquant for Mr. le Gallienne, sitting at the same table, was the fact that he himself, as John Lane's reader, was responsible for the publication of the offending book!

And here is a story, characteristic enough surely, of George Moore:—

"He was living then in the quaint old Temple, and I had brought some youthful enthusiasm to his feet. He listened with kindly attention—his curiously blond face, very long and solemn and white, like a dripping candle—and when I had finished he turned and said: 'Charming of you, dear le Gallienne! It's very charming—but *why not in a newspaper?*'"

And Mr. Max Beerbohm's witty lines vainly seeking to recall the lost adventurer who had deserted Bloomsbury for Broadway are worth quoting:—

"O, witched by American bars!

Pan whistles you home on his pipes.

We love you for loving the stars,

But what *can* you see in the stripes?"

But Mr. le Gallienne has never come back. The end of his romantic quest has lain amid the prosaic surroundings of sky-scrapers and elevated railways. But that he still casts back many a lingering look to the land of youth the present volume is ample proof. Personal reminiscences and chatty anecdotes are the stuff that it is made of, and who amongst us does not enjoy getting at first hand glimpses of the oddities and whimsicalities of the great? The one thing that *The Romantic '90s* does not prove, it seems to me, is that the "'90s" were in any sense romantic.

M. J. MACM.

APOSTATE. By Forrest Reid. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net).

"Apostate" is a word of ominous sound and meaning and it suggests ideas which are not to any extent to be found in this book. It is true Mr. Reid tells us how, as a boy, he found it impossible to accept the religion to which he was brought up. He rejected it definitely enough, but he was but a child at the time of which he is writing, and he admits that not only was he an odious one, but that obstinacy was a marked ingredient of his character. The philosophical reasons that swayed him arose from his discovery of his sympathy with Greek thought and life. But it is really all too immature for the reader to pay more attention to it than as a phase in the development of a sensitive and intelligent lad. The same remark applies to what Mr. Reid writes about his dream life. He does not convey to the reader any indubitable sense of its reality. It is pleasant impressionism, easily and delicately portrayed in words, but we are left with the feeling that we must take the author's word for it. Nothing that he has written will convey conviction to an unbelieving mind. In truth "Apostate" presents many facets to a critical mind. Why should Mr. Reid want to write about himself? Why should the reading public want to be told for instance that he revelled in Miss Mather's novels and found, as a boy, Miss Corelli's "Ardath" supremely wonderful romance? It is like the games he played in the streets about the house in Belfast where he lived—of no importance of any sort except as a peg on which he hangs his delicately moving prose. The secret may lie in the fact that Mr. Reid was born and bred in Belfast. Dublin has known many refugees from the uncouthness of our Northern Athens. But the Belfast man has a hard destiny to contend with. And so we must not judge Mr. Reid too closely. "Apostate" is a well written book. Its prose will stand analysis and study. And if it fails in illumination, and fails to carry spiritual conviction, as I think it does—well, it has many an equally well written book to companion it.

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POEMS IN ONE VOLUME. By J. C. Squire. (Heinemann, Ltd., London. 8s. 6d. net).

Mr. Squire has many of the qualifications that go to the making of a poet. For one thing he believes in his own work. In "Testament" he writes that after he is dead

"These words I fashion will linger then
And cry my passion to later men."

And in another poem "Descendants" he dips into the future, picturing one of his descendants saying:

"No, I seldom read a book,
My father's grand-father was Squire, the poet."

He has a nice intuition that he will not be forgotten.

But his chief characteristic is his ability to take an ordinary subject of everyday life and to set it forth in softly glowing sensuous words, that stir no depth of thought or emotion, but leave a pleasurable impress on the mind. "Winter Nightfall," "The Landing at Night," "The Roof," are all admirable

examples of this, but all just a little too long to quote. None of his shorter pieces, short enough to quote here, seem to me to hold this quality. He seems to require a certain length to obtain his effect. And when we come to the poem on Catullus, entitled "To a Roman" there mingles with this delicate etching art of his the imaginative brooding of the student mind, and we get something that in its quiet way is as distinctive a work as this book contains. When Mr. Squire goes deeper—he never essays flight—he loses grip of his subject, the delicate lines of form disappear, there is a morbid desire to confess weaknesses no one wants to hear about, and altogether too much of "The supposed confessions of a second-rate sensitive mind" type of work. And he gets careless too, an amazing thing for one who is as a rule so fastidiously correct. In "Meditation in Lamplight," he writes:

"O pity me, O God! O God, make tolerable,
Make tolerable the end that awaits for me."

Here the double duplication seems to me very unnecessary, and "awaits for me" not only feeble English, but a cheapening of the meaning that "waits for me" would have deepened. In "Town" picturing the soothing comfort that night brings to tired city workers, he writes:

"Our souls slip out and tremble and expand,
The immortal feels for the immortal,
The eternal holds the eternal by the hand."

Here again is that bankruptcy of expression that drives him to the assertion of repetition, and the inappropriateness of language that suggests something sly or underhand in "our souls slip out." He uses the same word in "In Battersea Park":

"Is it my spirit slips,
Falls, like this leaf I kick aside."

But it is even more out of proportion here, for the spirit is essentially something that cannot fall or slip. And further on in this poem he writes:

"And as I look, a swiftness thrills my shoes,
And my hands with empire quiver."

Though it is somewhat unfair to quote lines apart from context there is little injustice here to Mr. Squire as no context could extenuate or justify "thrills my shoes" where "shoes" is introduced as an obvious rhyme to "hues." He is describing an ecstasy that came to him in Battersea Park, hands and feet becoming unreal materially and endowed with supernatural vitality. But is it a poet who can use such a phrase as "thrills my shoes" to describe the descent of the Spirit? And how its ineptitude collides with the striking metaphor in the succeeding line, where with the magic of artistry the very sound carries conviction. If Mr. Squire had wanted to maintain the sentiment in keeping with "shoes" he might have written:

And as I look a swiftness thrills my shoes
And my "gloves" with Empire quiver.

But undoubtedly his worst infelicity is his description of the spirit of beauty as:

"Supreme immortal suicide."

It occurs in "Antinomies on a Railway Station" in other respects, apart from this, a fine and original poem. The passage is as follows:—

"Beauty herself her spell has broke,
Beauty the herald and the lure,
Her message told may not endure;
Her portals opened, she has died,
Supreme immortal suicide."

The theme is the Phœnix-like sacrifice of the lower beauty of the earthly senses to the eternal spiritual beauty. The word "suicide" always suggests degradation and failure, and such ideas are wholly incompatible with any apprehension of beauty, no matter how low its phase may be. Beauty should be sacred to the poet. He should not lend himself in any way to the soiling of its garments. And he who insinuates that Beauty can in any way suffer from the blight of decay has either no real sense of its existence, or is simply confused in expression.

In poems like "The Rugger Match" and "The Stock Yard" another aspect of Mr. Squire's abilities appear. He is here the amazingly capable, astonishingly photographic, journalist-poet. It is not work of a high order but one cannot fail to admit its cleverness, and in "The Stockyard" he has certainly conveyed in a remarkable way the sense of horror and terror which the unceasing slaughter of animals produced in him. In a lighter vein "A new song for the Bishop of London" and "Christmas Hymn for Lambeth" are altogether delightful and indeed outside the range of criticism for dexterity and inevitableness of touch. The latter deals with the workhouse children of Lambeth, whose Christmas egg was stopped in Christmas 1914, so that they might be able to appreciate the gravity of national affairs:

"Thus when they with clearer eyes
Are persuaded to despise
Luxury, and cease to treasure
A vain and empty life of pleasure,
Duly chastened they will sing:
'Glory to the new-born King!'
I am sorry, Jesus, dear
I don't deserve an egg this year;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
And God forgive a workhouse child."

T. K.

* * * * *

THE MOUNTAIN; OR, THE STORY OF CAPTAIN YEvan. A symbolic Drama by
C. K. Munro. (Wm. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd., London. 6s. net).

We are not told the scene or the time of this play. The only clue to these matters is contained in the description of the chief character, Captain Yevan as an "officer in the army of a small city state in Middle Eastern Europe." The subject is revolution, and one gathers from the various remarks about it in course of the play that Mr. Munro considers all revolutions that have ever occurred, or will occur, initiate and develop in the same way. So that time and place are really of no consequence. The play is carefully thought out, very solemn and serious in style, with very little comic relief, and has no female characters.

It is more a play of incident than anything else, though the author's chief interest is in a philosophic understanding of the motives behind human action. He calls it a "symbolic drama." The term is vague, and the manner in which it is used is not elucidated. But the way in which Captain Yevan gets drawn into revolutionary affairs is a good instance of Mr. Munro's attitude of mind. He shows us Captain Yevan, a typical aristocratic army officer, being deliberately tempted to this course by a Wandering Elder of the Church, a man possessed of magical power, and acting from superior spiritual knowledge. This theme is unusual and is interestingly worked out. But the ending of the play falls very flat. When Captain Yevan has carried the revolution successfully through and is in turn deposed himself, he escapes, and again falls in with the Wandering Elder. This mysterious teacher sums up human efforts in revolutions as simply exchanging one form of tyranny for another, explaining that human beings require a tyrant to keep themselves from destroying each other on account of their inhumanity. And he asks Captain Yevan, as prepared by his experience, to become his disciple now in the mission of educating humanity to be able to do without a tyrant. This underlying philosophy is very vague and difficult to discern in many of the scenes of the play, which are all crisp and definite in outline, suggesting the hand of a practised dramatic writer. My impression is that Mr. Munro would have made a fine play if he had left the symbolism out. But he has not given us enough philosophy to lift his work out of the rank of ordinary acting plays. There is no use writing symbolical plays unless they can be made as thrilling and exciting as ordinary plays. And this is just what I feel Mr. Munro has not done in *The Mountain*. It is possible, however, that on the stage *The Mountain* would justify itself and prove this verdict wrong. T.K.

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ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS. By Eugene O'Neill. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net).

This volume, as well as the title play, contains *Desire under the Elms* and *Welded*, and gives varied work which shows many sides of Mr. O'Neill's individualistic talents. The first play, which tells the story of a white woman who marries a negro, is an introspective study of the clash of racial temperaments. The white woman who marries the black man is happy with her lover when they are children. And at the end of the play, after a tragical life, she finds happiness again by pretending that she and her husband are children once more.

Welded is a story of the married love of an actress and a writer of plays. It is very intensely conceived. The title suggests and the play indicates that there is a union possible between human beings deeper and more binding than that of being wedded. It begins with ecstasy, and passes through tremendous depths of abasement and repulsion back to a greater ecstasy.

But in *Desire under the Elms* I think Mr. O'Neill has given us a play that will stand very exacting tests as to form and characterization. The people of the play are of the farming class, and the scene is New England in 1850. It is a ruthless, relentless and gripping piece of work. Nearly all human virtues, except the capacity for hard work, seem to be absent from these people. The scene is set with hatred, greed, lust, deceitfulness, mockery and a score of other vices. And yet in the weirdly imaginative treatment of the old farmer, with his pro-

phetic fervour, and belief in a hard and lonesome God, and the portrait of the weaker son swayed by the ghost of his mother, Mr. O'Neill evolves an atmosphere that somehow or other tones down the garish and brutish bestiality of the characters, and makes a fitting frame for the unlovely story he tells. There is no reticence here. The play is the unveiling of the naked impulses of a coarse-grained people, and yet it throbs with a vitality that makes the reader tolerate and accept it.

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BROKENBROW. A Tragedy. By Ernst Toller. Translated by Vera Mendel, with drawings by Georg Grosz. (Nonesuch Press, 16 Great James Street, London. 6s.).

This translation of Toller's remarkable play is beautifully turned out by The Nonesuch Press, though the drawings, which are ugly and unsympathetic, add little to the appreciation of the play. Toller has treated a rather appalling subject in an understanding way. He seems to pay small attention to the minor incidents of his plot, some of which seem improbable and could be easily adjusted. But the outstanding merit of the play is the broad sweep of his imaginative realization of certain phases of working class life. There is great vitality in this play, and this is readily discernible in the excellent translation given here.

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TRAVELLING MEN. By W. G. Dowsley. (Talbot Press. 5s. net).

RED SOIL. By L. E. Gielgud. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).

PROSE POEMS AND PARODIES. By Percy French. (Talbot Press).

In the very opening paragraph of the first chapter of *Travelling Men* three circumstances came to light. First, the period of Mr. Dowsley's story was discovered to be the year 1816. Second, the "redcoats" were mentioned, and, third, we are informed of the arrest of a patriot, one Phil Carty. It must be admitted that these facts were alarming, and we wondered if it would not be better to proceed no further. However, we did proceed, and now we are glad we did; for the *Travelling Men* proved to be a very charming and a very human story of two boys, one Irish and the other English, who became friends under somewhat unusual but at the same time very natural (for boys) circumstances. They later join forces with Phil Carty, who escapes from custody, and the adventures of the three in their efforts to avoid the British soldiers and to save Phil from recapture, trial and execution go to make up a tale which should have an appeal for all boys, but particularly for Irish boys. The book is full of thrills and laughter, and it ends in a surprise which must not be divulged. The author makes no attempt to emphasize heroic patriotism, but, at the same time, he establishes an atmosphere which is truly Irish. Some of the incidents were actual occurrences, and Mr. Dowsley blends them into his story without any perceptible effort or straining for effect. *Travelling Men* will be enjoyed quite as much by "grown-ups" as well as by boys.

Red Soil takes the reader into modern Russia, and the author as he wrote would appear to have had Hollywood (California) in his mind's eye. Every chapter of this novel may be screened in detail, and it abounds in incidents beloved of the scenario writer. There is the usual hero and heroine, not one, but several

villains, all of whom meet their deserts in due time ; and the story ends with the lovers in one another's arms in true screen fashion. *Red Soil* makes good reading for those who look for summer holiday fiction.

Prose Poems and Parodies carry one back to those days before the Abbey Theatre had put the stage Irishman to flight. Fortunately the collection contains other efforts with which we would prefer to associate the late Percy French and by which he will be more gratefully remembered. There are, however, many people who retain loving memories of the author, and to those this volume, edited by his sister, Mrs. De Burgh Daly, will prove a delight and a pleasure. Its appeal to others is in every sense doubtful,

J. J. H.

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TWO OR THREE GRACES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus, London. 7s. 6d. net).

Mr. Huxley is facile and very heartless. Perhaps this suits the type of character he likes to depict. In the title story, which occupies more than two-thirds of this volume, he recounts for us the post-nuptial love affairs of a young lady called Grace. With each lover she became a different sort of person. With the last one she had the misfortune to fall deeply in love herself. He leaves her, and Mr. Huxley rather ruthlessly ends his story with the battered and despoiled remains of what was a sprightly and vivacious young woman at the beginning of the story, intimating that, when she has recovered, she will begin the round of lovers over again, and so *ad infinitum*. *Two or Three Graces* is a story which should be read for the sake of its liquid phrasing, and then cast into limbo and never again remembered or referred to.

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FAIRIES AT WORK AND AT PLAY. Geoffrey Hodson. (London : Theosophical Publishing House. 1925. 3s. 6d.).

Here is a book long dreamed of—first-hand accounts of the inhabitants of the land of Faery, which is never even a day's journey from us. They are not Irish fairies ; it is a book about fairies, and with never a lepracaun or cluricaun in it, most of its little people live in the Lake district of England ; there is not even a Welsh fairy here.

Mr. Hodson describes very clearly his visions of elves (generally rather nebulous where detail of limb is concerned), gnomes, sylphs, undines, and quaint tree-mannikins, whose pastime seems to be to mimic some of the actions of ponderous humans. And these fairies are pictured as anything but perpetual holiday-makers ; in the Introduction by E. L. Gardiner we are shown the part played by the elemental world in the building up of a plant from the time of the germinating of the seed until the flower is coaxed out into the light. Our own William Dara, in a little book of poems published more than twenty years ago (at the modest price of sixpence), entitled *Light on the Broom*, sang with sure intuition :—

“Down in the dell the fairy men
Are forging the flowers for the spring.”

In many of us there lies, carefully concealed, a readiness to believe in the existence of unseen intelligences, but the convention of wishing to be considered above believing in "superstitious fancies" stands like a jailer or an eternal taskmaster before us, and we weakly surrender our intuitive childlike acceptance and return to the barren pavements of conventional life.

The phrase "the music of nature" will be found to have a very actual existence if the reader can accept what is told about the various "tuning-notes" arising from the surface of Mother Earth when the season of spring approaches. Ancient Chinese philosophers taught that there is no motion without its accompanying sound, that life is vibration and that vibration produces sound. May we not see in the working of this law a reason for the use of flowers in soothing the mind and of bringing renewed life to the sick? Harmonious vibration, resulting in beauty, lending itself to restoring harmony where it is needed. Discordant vibration must surely tend to disintegration, to shaking apart of atoms, and could we but recognise these vibrations by their accompanying sound, we should be able to live more understandingly.

For Irish readers who are interested in the many remains of Druid and pre-Druid times, such as stone-circles, there is an interesting account of an experience at one of these ancient places in the north of England.

Mr. Hodson's book is an advanced Nature text-book for the open-minded student, and his many descriptions of fairies and other nature elementals, which he claims to have seen, will be found full of fascination and interest.

ARTHUR KELLS.

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THE FLYING CARPET. Designed by Cynthia Asquith. (Partridge). 7s. 6d.

I thoroughly envy the child whose birthday is near and who has a wise parent, and a parent who has seen this book, for then assuredly it will be theirs. No nursery should be complete without those lines entitled "Sermon Time," by Henry Newbolt:—

The roof is high above my head,
With arches cool and white;
The man is short, and hot, and red;
It is a curious sight.

And here you may have them, picture and all, and many another exquisite thing, for a very trifling sum. Happy the child, I say again, who has the wise parent, for here are J. M. Barrie and Hilaire Belloc and Chesterton and Davies, Thomas Hardy himself (no less) and Milne and many others, all working away at their very best to make a world fair for eyes that have yet the light of morning in them, for hearts about which the "prison house" has not yet "closed." S.

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IN PRAISE OF LOVE. By Lady Lovat. Being extracts from a Nun's Common-place Book. (London: Heinemann, 1925. 6s. net).

What is Love? God is Love—"and the best preacher is the heart," says the Talmud, quoted from in this volume. "I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings," is written in an ancient Eastern scripture; and these sayings

would seem to point the truth of the instinct that thinks of the heart as the seat of love, and that uses the heart as its symbol. The Praise of Love has been sung and lived adown the corridors of all the ages, and across the whole ridge of the world. Love being what it is, it is impossible that a man shall always escape from the melody of its indwelt presence.

From China, Greece, from the continents of Europe and America, and faint breaths from Asia—we find them all in this sheaf from the reading of a well-opened mind. She is surely broad and comrade-like in her choice of authors, this society lady who has retired from the glitter of the drawingroom to the quiet shade of the cloister. Pagan and Christian, Philosopher and Theologian, Poet and King, Saint and Scholar, she welcomes them all. She recognises the diamond-flash of Truth, and claims each saying with fearless certainty as being part of the great scriptures of Humanity. A man, they say, is known by the company he keeps, and especially is this shown by his choice of authors. Lao-Tze, Aeschylus, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine, Voltaire, Renan, Plotinus, Leonardo da Vinci, Browning, Aubrey de Vere, and many others, orthodox and unorthodox—she finds a jewel worthy of setting in all of them.

And it is to be noted that this collection is not in the ordinary sense an anthology. Most anthologies are selected and arranged with the direct object of appealing to others—of furnishing others with a suitable volume of choice extracts—but this is a selection from preferences that were personal to the selector. Primarily, there may have been no thought of thee and me when they were first made a note of. To-day they form, as it were, part of her renunciation of the treasures and pleasures of the outer world of men, part of the store of her inner world. "Friends," she says, "I wish to own nothing—desire to keep nothing. These thoughts I set down, each in its day of discovery, as being my choice, my treasure-trove—share among yourselves, and then pass them along—the flowers I have plucked shall surely gladden many more in turn."

In the preface by Maurice Baring we are told that the book is "one sheaf, and one sheaf only, from the harvest of a mind now living apart from the world, and looking back on the world from the calm and seclusion of the cloister."

It is a welcome and timely offering to our barely convalescent civilisation—nay, to our very sick civilisation, which is struggling in agony to regain, if possible, some of its former poise and balance. Those years of grim hate, those many months of relentless destruction call for a reminder that love rules the world. There is a generous breadth of outlook in the culling of these flowers of thought, and welcome is the brave tolerance shown alike to thoughts pagan and heretic.

The praise of Love is an antidote to the sadly increasing preference for intolerance towards the opinions of others. Terence MacSwiney wrote very many searching lines, and not a few of them expose and attack intolerance. He says:—

Those who make a trade of fanning old bitterness will still ply their bitter trade, crying that anarchists, atheists, heretics, infidels, all outcasts and wicked men, are all rampant for our destruction. . . .

And again,

. . . . in matters of religion and speculation, where there is so much difficulty and there is likely to be so much conflict of opinion, there should be no constraint but rather the finest charity and forbearance.

Sister Lovat's anthology is a testimony to the fact that Truth, Love, and Beauty are the heritage of all the ages for all men—no single group of this great Brotherhood of Humanity can stamp with its local imprint utterances of wisdom that are universal in their source. I find one small fly in this healing unguent—a sentence deriding one of the oldest sections of Christianity as only holding "together by being frozen solid." But, apart from this lapse, *In Praise of Love* will meet with thankful acceptance from all men of good-will. It is published with all the accustomed taste and refinement associated with the house of Heinemann.

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THE PROPHET. Kahlil Gibran. (London : Heinemann, 1926. 5s. With 12 illustrations by the author).

There are books reputed to be mystical, but the brain-mind has so large a share in their building that they reach not in to the soul of the reader. *The Prophet* is verily the work of a mystic, and being a poet he is a mystic of a high order. I have read it from the first line to the last, and find it rich, behind the words as well as between the lines, in high and deep thought. The sublime selflessness that is breathed throughout each page is as life-giving as the breath of early morning on an Atlantic coast. The reader who will take this wonderful book, and make of it a manual of devotion, shall find daily enlargement of the mind and increase of sympathy with his fellow.

In the present stage of development of the Western world its message is for the comparatively few, and it is due to the existence of books like *The Prophet* that the few will gradually influence the many. Every day, it is said, brings opportunity to every man ; every happening is an opportunity. It is not so much the apparent weal or woe that comes to him, as that the test is being made to the slowly forming character—"How are you going to take this ?" It may even be that this notice of a book may be a golden opportunity to some reader. He may make it his own, and on some page find a sentence that shall mean progress, sure and, perhaps, long-looked for. He may find a road that formerly he had dreamed of as being far in the hidden future, right at his foot.

And the gentle message of the poet-mystic writer is told in a voice of appealing beauty. In his replies to the questioning men and women in the allegory he seems to offer in varying guise the ancient truth, given out by all the great Teachers of humanity—"If ye will live the life, ye shall know of the doctrine."

This book is of the East, Eastern, and in common with most Eastern devotional books, is written with a royal simplicity, and tells of the heart-doctrine in words warm and bright with the fire and light of life. To students of Eastern mystical writings their essence lies hidden in words of deep simplicity. Even when the form in which a thought is written seems at first sight to be paradoxical and obscure, presently, as in a flash of light, the smiling clearness of the idea is seen,

Like a procession you walk together towards your god-self : you are the way and the wayfarers.

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

That which sings and contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds of that first moment which first scattered the stars into space.

You will find in another Eastern writing, used by some students of the Eastern mysticism, similar paradox :—

Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path thyself.
Give up thy life if thou wouldst live.

The secret power of books such as this one lies, it would seem, in the breadth of their attitude towards religion :—

And an old priest said : " Speak to us of Religion."

And he said :

" Have I spoken this day of aught else ? Is not Religion all deeds and all reflections ? . . . Who can separate his faith from his actions, or his belief from his occupations ? And he to whom worshipping is a window to open, but also to shut, has not yet visited the house of his soul whose windows are from dawn to dawn. Your daily life is your temple and your religion."

But it would be easy and pleasant to quote from many pages of this luminous writing. The twelve illustrations, reproduced from drawings by the author, are in the spirit of his writing, full of deep symbolism and imagination, and I would like much to see them in colour. The purple binding, the generous margins of the pages, and the clear type are all harmonious parts of the unity of the written thoughts. In them one may find the peace of a garden of flowers in the stillness of a summer night.

CIAN DRAOI.

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BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

Catalogue No. 4, issued by Mr. Hugh Greer, The Cathedral Book Store, 18 Gresham Street, Belfast, offers the most comprehensive collection of Irish and Anglo-Irish books that we have seen for a long time. General literature, fiction, poetry, history, folk-lore and antiquities all come within its very wide range. Though it is a catalogue that will appeal more to the average reader than to the collector, it contains at the same time some interesting rarities. Michael Davitt's *Speech in Defence of the Land League* (1890), a presentation copy from Davitt to his friend W. T. Stead, is offered at the extremely low price of 6s. Another attractive item is the full set of the Cuala Press Broad-sides (1908-1915), priced at £3 10s. In all, there are 2,875 items, and we would advise every lover of Anglo-Irish Literature to secure a copy.

Of a very different nature is Catalogue No. 4 of Mr. Andrew Block, 17A Dean Street, Soho Square, London, which offers a selection primarily intended for the collector of First Editions and other rare books. It includes in its scope modern First Editions, Association Copies, books from Private Presses and some Antiquarian Books. Amongst items of Irish interest we notice the first American edition of James Joyce's *Exiles* (25s.), Liam O'Flaherty's privately-printed play, *Darkness* (15s.), and Sean O'Casey's rare pseudonymous booklet, *The Story of the Irish Citizen Army* (30s.), whilst a presentation copy of the first edition of Brinsley MacNamara's *In Clay and Bronze* (1920) is offered for the very reasonable price of 15s. Irish collectors of scarce books would be well advised to place their names on Mr. Block's mailing list.

J. M. MACM.

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Mr. J. A. D. Bridger, of 112A Market Jew Street, Penzance, has, I believe, already established his reputation as a foremost authority on books relating

to Cornwall, and his latest Catalogue (No. 16 N.S.) is in every way worthy of its predecessors. Cornish history, folklore, language, dialects and natural history are here in splendid profusion, well catalogued and enhanced by terse and useful notes. Collectors who find themselves in the district during their holidays would do well to visit this veritable storehouse of Mr. Bridger's, which nestles beneath the statue of Sir Humphrey Davy in the main street of the quaint Cornish town.

We have received from Messrs. Dobell, 8 Bruton street, London, two Catalogues, Nos. 56 and 57. The former, consisting of Autograph Letters, MSS., and Historical Documents, is remarkable for a fine "run" of Burke a.l.s., some of which deal with Irish affairs; a fine and characteristic letter (4 pp.) of Leigh Hunt, and (No. 72), a one and a half page letter from Southey, which throws an interesting sidelight on the thoroughness with which that poet attacked the drudgery which occupied his later years and eventuated in the breakdown of his virile brain. The Longfellow MS. (No. 82) is interesting as showing the authentic text of a much misquoted verse.

Catalogue 87, "Rare and Valuable Books," deserves its title, for it contains such items as Fenton's copy of Waller's Poems (1686-90), the "Collected" Wither of 1622, and more than a few rare early seventeenth century plays. That very eccentric and rather scurrilous hack writer, the author of *The London Spy*, is represented in a fuller collection of first and early editions than we remember to have seen elsewhere. Fielding, too, has at least a dozen entries to himself, one of which—the Dublin edition of his *History of the late Rebellion* (1747), is catalogued at £8 8s. A bibliography of the Dublin editions of Fielding's would be worth compiling, for he seems to have been a favourite amongst the Irish readers of his day, and I have picked up at least a dozen of his plays bearing imprints of the same year as the first London editions. No. 7, Berkeley's *Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our foreign Plantations, etc.*, 1724, is an item of considerable rarity. No. 61, *Catullus* translated by Nott, is a book which we venture to say will some day be worth considerably more than the modest ros. 6d. asked for an uncut copy (original boards) in the present Catalogue, for it is not only the first complete translation into English, but has the two fine plates, both engraved by Blake, of Catullus and his patron. Jeremy Collier is represented not only by the "Short View," but by the "Second View" and by the "Second and further defence and vindication." And to complete the collection, here, too, is Congreve's *Amendments of Mr. Collier*—a very feeble thing and not at all worthy of that gentlemanly wit. Two items of special Irish interest are (No. 133) *Power's Private Theatre of Kilkenny*, 1825, and (No. 225), the *Society of United Irishmen of Dublin*, the original, rigidly suppressed, edition of 1794.